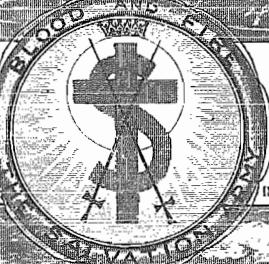


THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 25

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

ANSWER HIM SOFTLY.

Speak to him softly. You cannot know
In the depths below,
How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made,
For the price he paid,
And yielded his soul to the tempter's power
In a hasty hour.

Plead with him softly, for it may be
Like the sturdy tree
Which rested in many a storm its strength,
To be rent at length.
He struggled full oft, and revisited well,
Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried
On your weaker side;
And fall, as before you so many have done,
Who in thought had won.
Fall, too, ere temptation had spent its force
In its subtle course.

Talk with him softly, for none can tell,
When the storm clouds swell,
Whose bark shall weather the tempest or whose
Its centre shall loss.
Speak gently; the weakest may stand the gale —
The stoutest may fall.



Storyettes of Our Shelters.

SOCIAL INCIDENT FROM DAWSON CITY

Adj't. Frank Morris writes: "First one helped in Shelter, young man left well-to-do family in England. Came Klondike. Spent money, had no food, asked at 63 places one day for food or work—refused, with thermometer registering 40 or more degrees below zero. Comes to S. A. Sawed wood like a man. Lived on the least. Is helped on his feet. Now getting along well, having been helped up by S. A. Says used, in his ignorance, to sneer at Army in England; never will again, as he will ever be grateful for the Army's practical sympathy."

Others have come direct from the hospital, who were not able to pay high prices for food, and had to have care. American Relief Committee last winter sent many patients, who received proper food, etc., and were cured. No one has ever been refused work or food. The place at present has all it can accommodate."

Brigadier Pugmire Tells the Following Incident from the Social-Work.

John —, a poor drunkard and outcast, who had sunk as low as it is almost possible to do in the social scale, came to one of our Shelters for food and lodgings. While attending one of the meetings, the Spirit of God struck with him. He was faithfully dealt with about his sins, and in due time told of a pitiful, sorrowful love, with the result that he sought forgiveness while kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

John held on to his new-found joy, and became a Salvation Soldier, and afterwards a bandsman and Local Officer and was made a blessing to the community.

At the present time John is the officer in charge of one or our Social Institutions. He has been saved to save others. Oh, the grace of God, what marvels have been wrought by it!

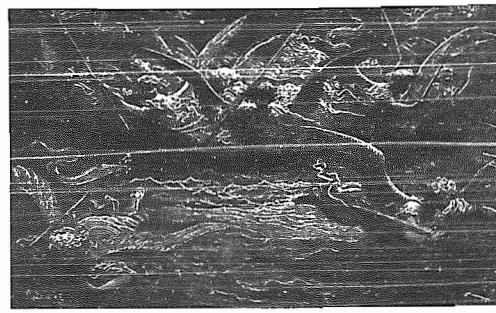
A SOCIAL STORY FROM THE WEST.

By ADJT. PATTERSON.

Since becoming an officer in Salvation Army warfare, and in the Social work especially, I have met with a great many different classes and conditions of men. Some have, at one time in their life, held good and responsible positions; their future prospects seemed very bright, but through evil associations they have been led, step by step, downward, until they have found themselves at the bottom of the ladder, homeless, friendless, and penniless. At this stage they generally put in their appearance at the Shelter, should there be one in the vicinity. On the other hand, there are others who have never risen higher than the level of beggars, not because they have not tried to rise, for many times they have made good resolutions, and tried to get away from their bondage, but found themselves slaves in every sense of the word, to drink and vice. But even these our God can liberate, and set free, and many of this class have found Christ through the medium of our Shelters.

The following is a case which has come under my observation since coming to the West. We will call him George. He had worked himself up, from being an errand boy, until he became the head salesman in a large firm, and frequently sent round to purchase goods for his employers. Poor George got in with company that was not calculated to do him good; he was leading a fast life, and acquired the habit of drinking, which soon dragged him down until he was not to be relied upon. He was discharged from the firm and became an habitual drunkard.

George was unknown to the Salvation Army officers until one day he made application for something to eat. Although he was under the influence of drink, he showed that he had some principle left. He said (after getting his dinner), "I have no money to pay for this, but I understand that you can supply me with work." So poor George went out and cut the first wood he had ever cut in his life. The perspiration rolled from his brow. He said that he was going to stick to it. He ended by breaking the saw, and chopping the handle of an axe, so the man who was in charge of the



A Loveless Life.

The life of which we tell was a loveless one until the Lord of Love came and filled it with Himself.

Annie had just the faintest memory of the pale patient face of someone with a wealth of golden hair, like her own, that fell in shining clusters on the pillow of the bed by her side; often still, while a thin white hand gently touched her cladding, and "mother's little girl."

But one sad day, while still n child, Annie stood by that bedside for the last time, and wondered that no loving word was spoken, and that the white hands were folded and still. Then someone told her that her mother was taking her long sleep; and as everyone walked about the darkened house on tip-toe, she thought it strange that they let her mother sleep so long, and seemed so afraid of waking her.

By-and-by a day came when Annie was told to

Call Someone Else "Mother,"

but even the child somehow understood that this was only a name that gave another woman the right to demand obedience, without the love that should prompt it. So she frowned and rebelled: because real love and happiness, and home were home no longer.

In time there came into the void of the love-starved life one who promised to more than fill it—to flood it with joy and love. But it was only a little time—a very little time—before Annie found that this love was also dead. It was lost and gone, not in the death that brings closed eyes and peaceful silence; but in that worse death of cruel falsehood, and bitter wrong and desertion.

After a few months there was an hour that brought Annie a new joy. God meant that the joy, which comes with motherhood, should be a chord of heavenly harmony, of which all other loves are but the single notes. But for Annie motherhood had so much of minor music that it proved but a sad and broken melody, waiting out

Reminders of Her Shame.

Torned from her father's door, with her child in her arms, she spent her last shillings in buying a lodging for a few days. When her money was gone she paced the streets for days, an unclean outcast, shut out, it seemed, from all human pity or regard.

Then it was, in that darkest hour, when all earthly love was dead, the sweet influence of Love Divine found an entrance into her soul. Sanctified human love was, by God's grace, the golden cord that drew her to Himself, to find the unchanging Love that alone can satisfy.

In her hour of need Annie applied to the Salvation Army, and in its Rescue Home her second child was born the same day to die. But in her distress God turned into her heart through human sympathy. It was so strangely sweet to have someone to care for her, to wipe away her tears, to wait for her words, to watch for her smile.

So, when the Salvation Army officers told her of another love, of which hers was only the reflection of the love of One Who went to Calvary for them and her, she understood. If these, His servants, loved her so, what must His love be? And the broken spirit and loveless life cried out for this Jesus, lover of her soul, and in Him found all that satisfies.

In the love that streams from the Cross Annie is to-day living.—The Deliverer.

PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Juniors' Week—Sunday, March 18th, to Saturday, March 24th.

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers — Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

THE CHARGE OF THE SAW-DUST BRIGADE.

(Written by a man helped by our Dawson City Shelter.)

Half a rick, half a rick upward,
All to the cold wood yard.

Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade.
Charge the black pile!" he said.

All to the cold wood yard,

Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the sawyers knew

Fortward had blundered;

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

All to the cold wood yard,

Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the sawyers knew

Fortward had blundered;

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

All to the cold wood yard,

Crawled the chilled brigade.

Cold winds to right of them,
Cold winds to left of them.

Cold winds in front of them,

Blew on them freezing them.

Charged at with flaky snow-balls,

Boldly they sawed and well,

Out on the cold, cold snows,

Out in the chilly winds,

Worked the saw-dust brigade.

Plastered all their dull saws bare,

Wriggling here and there,

Charging a forest,

While all the town wondered,

Plunged in the sawdust cloud,

Right through the pile they cut,

Dry wood and green wood,

Reeled from the buck saw's stroke,

Severed and sundered,

Then they came back.

But not, not as they went,

Heels half froze and fingers benumbed,

Ross and McDonald embryo millions,

Miller and Holland, two single ricketers,

Frothen and Trow, with his wrecked eye-glass,

Crawled back to beans and green tea.

When shall their glory fade?

Oh, the wild charge they made!

Adjutant and teamster wondered,

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the saw-dust brigade!

Noble tick-builders!

After a Fall

The next thing to do after a fall, either naturally or spiritually, is to rise again. Just as our natural instinct is to resume the perpendicular attitude when we have been tripped up bodily, so it should be our instinct to resume our attitude of uprightness after any fall into sin. It is true that we cannot do this without help, but the help is there for anyone who will take it. David shows us where it is, and how to get it, in his great psalm of repentance, the fifty-first. It was down in the mire very badly when he wrote that psalm, and he still knew where his help was, and who could wash off all the mire. He does not try to belittle his sin, but he manifestly the grace that could deal with it, and he has thus put the language of true repentance upon the lips of sorrowing sinners for all time. If Satan has any sinner, he must rise having tripped David up that time.

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Being the Substance of an Address by Commissioner Nicol.

We cannot be indifferent as to what is passing around us. As I came along here to-night, and jumped off the bus at the Elephant, I saw a multitude streaming into the theatre and the great Castle pub, and the dome bidding defiance, as it were, to you and me, gorged with the flower of South London's wealth—the working-man—and then I looked at the other two big gin-palaces right opposite, attracting crowds of the same class, and I asked myself the question, "My God! what shall we do?" The answer came to me—"Proclaim war. Hoist the banner higher than ever, of the Fighting."

I passed on. I joined you in the ring. You were carrying out, in a small degree, that which I had with what people we see in this hall, on this nineteenth anniversary night. To say the least, it is not satisfactory. Who is to blame? What are the causes of your comparative failure? Let us think, and think as men and women of God, and as individuals. There is a terrible war raging in South Africa, as you know, and as perhaps some of you know to your sorrow. May God, in His infinite wisdom, intervene, and prevent its prolongation! (Fervent amen.) I think that the South African war may teach us, on this anniversary night, some important lessons—lessons which, if we carry out in a right spirit, may largely, if not entirely, help us to grapple with and overcome the difficulties we have to contend with. Remember that this platform knows no politics. We are neither military experts from college, nor from the study-bee rooms of Fleet St., and yet we have sufficient common-sense. I hope, to put two and two together, and pick up a few wrinkles from what is occurring under the burning sun of Africa, among the kopjes and highlands of Natal.

They say that this war was inevitable. It had to be. Well I don't know. Ours is, anyway. You cannot, if you have the love of Christ in your heart, allow the people to go down to a burning, everlasting, and devil-populated hell without warning them. All around is the enemy of men's homes, health, work, character, and children. The public-houses are full. The theatres are full. The billiard-rooms are full. This district seethes with wickedness and immorality. The enemy has invaded God's territory and captured, by tens of thousands of tricks and dodges, multitudes who are held fast in their prisons by night and by day. What shall we do? Hope on? Play on? Sing on? Believe on? Yes, you're all means! But something more is wanted. They won't come to you; you must go after them. They will not attack you here in this hall; that's quite evident. You must attack them. In other words, "You must go to war. (Voices, "Amen!—God help us!")

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It is admitted that this government of ours under-estimated the character and strength of the foe—the danger of all strong nations. They were too cocksure; they were going to walk over. Instead of which eight thousand of its best men are out of action, and they are as far off victory as they were when the war broke out. Their danger is our danger. We are in danger of treating lightly and flippantly the loss of soldiers, the absence of backsiders, and the lack of people in our barracks, and of looking at the bright side of our position—increased finances, finer music, and better organization—and overlooking the growth of pride, indifference, and idleness. Don't, don't, don't, comrades, for the honor of the Army and the glory of your Master, treat these enemies lightly! Nip them in the bud. Attack them in front, in flank, by rifle, shell, and shrapnel, and never rest satisfied while the enemy has the grip of even one soul. (A voice, "Well hit it")

—•—

Then, it is admitted by the British generals that their defeats were due to surprise. Methuen, at Magersfontein, admits this. So did Gatacre, at Stormberg, and Buller, at Colenso. They did not expect to discover their opponents hid away among bushes, and mud and entrenchments protected by barbed wire, so they walked into traps of death—quite fair, I suppose, according to the rules of civilized warfare! Depend on

it, the most of our soldiers have fallen by surprise. They knew the sponge of Death was in the pub, in the fashions, in the smoke, and in places of amusement; but they were taken by surprise when they found that the devil could conceal himself under a red gnomes, and a Hallelujah bonnet. They were offended, disengaged, tempted, and fell. People have been known to fall by a look, a harsh word, a piece of gossip and slander. Very foolish of them, no doubt; but, then, human nature is not strong. It is easily tripped up when you forget to pray, and watch, and guard your soul, and keep it well employed.

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Then, I find that the British acknowledge their defeat. The greatest general on the field flashed across the seas, and published to the world, "I regret to say that I have met with a serious re-

One thing is certain, however—the war is to go on.

—•—

So say we all of us to-night about our war. (Loud amen.) It must go on—it will go on. God has called us; humanity needs us. The cries of the widows and orphans, sick and dying, the young and old, the aged and the infirm, and the hungry, starving crowds of the city, with a multitude of people whom no man can number, with guilty consciences, troubled and miserable lives, blighted hopes and despairing souls, cry, "Save us as the world's salvation." The Army is to march out to-morrow, to-night to go forth into this new year with the assurance of victory. The General is with us—resolute, brave, full of hope and life and vigor, and is leaving his sick-room for the front—the grand old man of Christendom, putting to shame the limp, lifeless services which some of you render to God and man.

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And the last lesson. We must have reinforcements—reinforcements in the Juniors' hall, the Band of Love, the Young People's Legion; reinforcements for the Corps Cadets, and the lodgings-houses, and infirmaries, and homes of

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

We can only live noble lives by acting nobly on every occasion.

VVV

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

VVV

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

VVV

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.

VVV

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

VVV

Nothing will make us more charitable and tender of the faults of others than by thoroughly knowing our own.

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 4.



Pride decks itself, but soon the charms are past,
And to a skeleton it comes at last.

verse." That was honest, frank, straightforward; but some of you are clever enough to hide from men the knowledge of your reverses, and losses, and disasters. You smile when you should be weeping; you tell others to go to the penitent form when you ought to lead the way. Be honest and above-board with God and with your comrades, friends. If you are weak, if you have gone down under the temptation to doubt and fear, or by the flesh or mind, come and own up to it all to night. (Amen.)

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But the war is to go on, I understand. The Boers have not realized their object, and they are going to fight and pour on to the field of battle their husbands and fathers, sons. The British are to go on, despite the failure of their plans, the loss of generals, capture of troops, and hundreds of killed and wounded. Parliament will spend money by the million; the Militia has been mobilized; the Reserves have been called to the front, and now the Volunteers are actually on their way to the seat of war. What will happen next no one can tell.

the poorest; reinforcements for the hoeming brigades; and reinforcements to do the artillery fighting in the streets, lanes and slums; but, above all, reinforcements from the skein. There is no lack there. God is indispensable. Our ammunition need never go down. God can fill us with love. He can make us to abound in every good work. He can supply us with the wisdom to win souls, and this twentieth year, if you like, in the career of the old Borrough, or parent corps of South London, will be the best on record. God grant that it may be so! (Fervent amen.)

If our looking-glasses tell us unpalatable truths, we may always see ourselves at our best in the mirrors of loving and friendly eyes. Let us, at least, study how to keep our hearts warm, to preserve as much sunshine as we may, and often count up what treasures we have garnered during the days of privilege. The warmth of our own hearts will depend upon our power to warm those of others.

Truth is often of a dual character, taking the form of a magnet with two poles; and many of the differences which agitate the thinking part of man kind are to be traced to the exclusiveness with which partisan reasoners dwell upon one half of the duality in forgetfulness of the other. The proper course seems to be to state both halves simultaneously, and allow each its fair share in the expression of the rational conviction. But this waiting for the statement of the two sides of a question implies patience. It implies a resolution to suppress indignation if the statement of the one half should clash with our convictions, and to repress equally undue elation if the half-statement should happen to chime in with our views. It implies a determination to wait calmly for the statement of the whole before we pronounce judgment in the form of either acquiescence or dissent.—Prof. Tyndall.

Soul-winning eloquence depends not on words, but on worth.

The General in Yorkshire.

The Theatre Royal at Leeds the Scene of Piercing and Soul-Convicting Truth!

EIGHTY-EIGHT SOULS FOR THE DAY.

SATURDAY'S PREPARATIONS.

There was a conference between the North-Eastern P. O. and his D. O. as to how best the City of Leeds might be made to realize that the General was coming.

The result was that the Salvationists of the city were told off in brigades to do big bombardment.

A brass band, forty-five strong, swept the main streets on Saturday afternoon, and hundreds of little handbills were given away on the sidewalks. Public-houses were stormed, and their beery occupants invited to come to the Theatre Royal next day and hear the General.

Then at night, after the meetings at the eight corps, of which the city at present boasts, there was another attack on the "late" people, who walk the streets and crowd the theatres until the midnight hour.



SUNDAY MORNING.

After such a bombardment as Leeds had on Saturday, there was no danger that anyone would awaken on Monday morning to find that the General had been to the city and had gone without their knowledge!

Leeds knew! And, as a consequence, Leeds came!

"I have spent two of the happiest Sabbaths of my life here, in this old theatre," said the General, as he faced his Sunday morning audience, and felt the warmth of their loving Yorkshire greeting penetrating his heart.

Hope had been deferred. The last Sunday of the old year was to have seen the General on that stage, but sickness had prevented. Now, the desire had come, and the very memory of past disappointments vanished.

Not very strong, physically, was our dear General. He told us so frankly, and asked our prayers.

But, oh, how unfaltering does God fulfil His promises! His strength is best perfected where the need for its support is deepest felt.

Never had we been more surely conscious of God's close presence.

The stalls, boxes, pit, and dress-circle held the morning crowd comfortably. Salvationists formed the bulk of those below, while strangers and out-siders listened from the boxes and dress-circle.

A very large proportion of men were everywhere, which latter fact Colonel Endic explained, "The women are at home cooking dinner." (Drunks are important in Yorkshire.)

The meeting was a purposeful and useful one. Everyone was alive. Grave, thoughtful faces were turned to the General, and

There was no Lack of Responsive Appreciation.

But neither was there any haste to act. The day was before us.

Heaven-light was turned on full; conscience-hammer came down with sure effect; truth told, and there was a visible quailing at its exceeding truthness!

Then when action was called for, the battle waked hot.

A Reservist, going to the front in a week, was in full action. Altogether several decisions were visibly made for the right, and some of them were of vast importance, both to the individuals concerned and to the interest of the Kingdom.



AFTERNOON.

Dinner over, the dim interior of the Theatre Royal again began to brighten and fill. Up, and still up, climbed the crowd, till the giddy heights of the topmost gallery were reached by a party of "some of the roughest lads" the city could send from its four hundred thousand. But they did their city some credit and the General some honor, for they listened attentively, and the seed, we believe, found good ground even in the top gallery.

There was more noise—of the Army sort—more liberty, and the chilly theatre seemed something warmer in the afternoon. Major Cox's impetuosity had been brought to bear on the draughty stage with good effect. His services, as usual, were legion, and to-day included piano accompaniment to Colonel Lawley's solo.

It was a solemn warning the General had to give. He gave it fearlessly, faithfully, personally, and it reached, and held, and convicted.

God wielded His instrument, the people knew it, and were hushed, and heaven bade to witness how far the message would be allowed "free course."

The obedient numbered sixteen. Some were old, some were young; some were women, but more were men.

Two, a father and son, both backsliders, who left the theatre unremorseful, went home to continue the struggle. But, hallelujah! before it was time for the night meeting, they yielded and God restored to them the joy of salvation. So the afternoon total must be increased to eighteen.



NIGHT.

It was a pouring wet night. "Will this rain spoil the crowd?" we anxiously wondered, while hurrying again towards the Theatre Royal soon after six o'clock, but not a vacant spot could be found. There was a lovely crowd—the sort of crowd to which your heart goes out directly, chiefly taken from the class who, in the olden days, heard Jesus gladly.

And after the General began to talk and the doors were shut, a number of late arrivals stood in the rain until 8 o'clock, so that there were as many to press in when the first meeting concluded as there were to leave.

If the General's talk could be put down here, word for word, and you could read it, it would go to your heart and move you deeply.

But if you could have been there and listened and watched him, you would understand how vainly mere written words attempt to tell about that night meeting.

Our General, we watched you with our mortal eyes, and noted every movement, and followed every word. And yet we forgot you were weary, forgot you had been ill, forgot to tremble lest you worked too hard. All we felt or knew during that talk was that God had

you, and His light was failing, and His will was being done.

And certain it is that for the time you feel no weariness either; whether in the body, or out of the body, you care not, if the people only heard the message God had sent them by your lips.

And they did hear.

"Hearts are hearts this weary world all over," and whatever sort of coat a man wears, the same key will unlock the heart. That key the General held. "He loves souls. He cares for my soul."

Was that every man?

The quiet moment of the meeting was passed when the General turned to his officers and said, low and forcefully: "Let us all pray. Life or death now: salvation or damnation now: everybody is still as death."

We thought of Moses as the General walked to and fro slowly, holding up his hand and "believing for the next." Our faith followed his, and the victory was with the Lord's host!

Our Moses remained among us, holding up hands of faith, until nearly 9:30,

FORTY-EIGHT PRISONERS WERE TAKEN.

and there was a long pause.

But we fought on, and through, and did not retire until fifty captures were registered in the little, long room at the back of the stage, where Major Baugh, Mrs. Major Pointer and others had been busy all day—all had worked, and believed, and been blessed.

And the work which the mounted soldiers and each at Christ's feet included—all sorts and conditions.

A man with his head plastered up, a little Roman Catholic boy who exposed himself at the pentitent form, a girl who had buckslidden through an unsaved young man who had walked four miles purpose to get restored, a public-house billiard-marker who gave up his birth and his pipe to get salvation and will be looked after by Adj't Stoker, a little girl "to be cleansed from all my wicked ways," an old man whose clasped hands trembled as he cried "Lord, help me!" and whose tears rained thickly down till the assurance of pardon brought the sob. "Lord, I thank thee!" all these were indeed edified by the evening's fifty.

And yet how many poor hearts went away! "I am always sorry for sinners," the General had said, "and I am most sorry for those who won't come to God and let Him make them good."

SIN BRINGS SEPARATION FROM GOD.

An age, like an individual, must be judged, not by its temporary characteristics, but in accordance with its distinctive tendencies. Often, when one seems to be retrograding, it is but an episode in a larger advance. If an age is to be judged by its best products, few men would surpass the post-exile. Prof. F. K. Sanders, Ph. D.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight. His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—Dryden.

"HOW IT HAPPENED,"

Being a Synopsis of the Social Operations of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America for 1899.

ABOVE is the title of the latest Social Report, just issued from the Army Publishing House.

Even a superficial glance will impress one with the excellency of the booklet. A pale green cover, with a neatly-designed title printed in brown, produces a pleasing effect, and invites the observer to peruse its contents, which fully justify the reader's anticipation.

An introduction by the forcible pen of the General is prefaced by an excellent full-page photo of our venerable leader.

Miss Booth writes a fascinating story, entitled, "Shrimps! All the World to Me." This story, like all her writings, is characterized by its womanly, eloquent, and forcible style.

In "How I Became a Rescue Worker, and Why," Mrs. Read gives us more than an interesting answer to the questions implied in the title.

Our Social Farm, and the work which it is designated for, is described in an article, "Back to the Land."

"Love's Prevention" deals with our Children's Work, while "Hope Begets," is a collection of interesting incidents in connection with the work of the League of Mercy.

The Rescue Homes and their accomplishments is excellently depicted in an article by Mrs. Read. "Love's Day-break."

"Society's Derelicts," is a chapter which comprises some telling facts and figures of our Men's Shelters.

A page of songs for meetings, and a service of song, should prove a valuable aid to the sale of this interesting booklet, which is printed on superior paper, and has a large number of well-executed illustrations.

The Annual Balance Sheet is printed for the benefit of all who are interested in an account of the manner in which the Army's income is expended.

The price, fifteen cents, is really quite moderate.

DISASTROUS FIRE

AT THE

Hadleigh Farm Colony.

ESTIMATED DAMAGE, \$5,000.

Early Monday morning fire was discovered to have broken out in the large kitchen of the Land Colony, and before any organized effort could be made to limit its ravages, the flames spread with such terrible rapidity as to completely envelop the adjoining buildings to the north and east of the out-break.

These comprise the dining-hall, capable of accommodating some three hundred men, on the south side of the kitchen, while on the north side were the

Jam Factory, Store, and Butcher's Shop,

and in a remarkably short space of time both wings were a seething mass of flames. The whole of the buildings were constructed of corrugated iron, and lined with match-wood throughout; this rendered the operations of the fire both easy and expeditious, and accounts for the fact that within half an hour of the discovery of the outbreak, the only thing left to mark the spot, beyond debris, was the chimney shaft of the kitchen boiler, which stood erect in weird solitude, casting its moonlit shadow over the devastated ruins.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there was not a single article of food-stuffs, cooking utensils, form, or table, saved from the fire. Shortly after one o'clock the attention of the watchmen on night duty was directed to see the unusual, and on his discovering that

it was fire,

he immediately gave an alarm, rousing Mr. Cruskank, the second in charge of the Home Department, and then proceeded to the house of the Home Superintendent. A messenger speedily conveyed the intelligence to the Governor, Colonel Lamb, who was on the scene of the disaster within the space of half-an-hour of the first alarm. Mr. Cruskank, who was on the spot within two minutes of the watchman's calling him, at once endeavored to force an entrance into the dining-hall by smashing a window; but this only revealed the fact that the building already showed signs of incipient insolation, the aperture thus made simply acting as a fan to the flame. Attention was next directed to the jam factory; but here again difficulty and danger frustrated all attempts at rescue. Within a few yards stood a large kitchen boiler enveloped in flames to such an extent that at any moment it might burst. On the other hand there were large jars containing about half-hundredweights of jam, which, as they were being,

Roasted in the Flames,

were exploding in all directions; consequently it was with great difficulty that the crew of Calanais, which by this time had assembled, could be kept sufficiently clear to be out of danger.

A new kitchen was in course of erection, and this also was completely demolished; the building was just ready to be fitted up with the necessary cooking appliances.

In close proximity were some sheds and stables, from whence two horses had to be removed to a place of safety; but the fire was, fortunately, kept from attacking these buildings.

By 2:30 all danger of further extension had disappeared, and Colonel Lamb was confronted with the problem of how to provide breakfast for some two hundred men out of nothing. There wasn't even

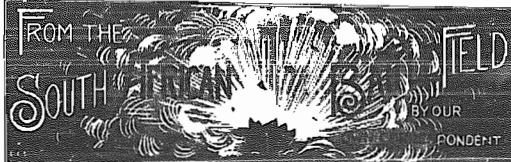
A Teaspoon Rescued

from the fire. A brief council ensued, and messengers were sent hither and thither to procure necessary utensils and food. The driver of one cart, who went to Southend for bread, had a lively time in picking up his horse some five times on the way. The road was one continuous sheet of glass.

The large refreshment-room in the vicinity of the Castle was speedily converted into a dining-hall, and by 6:15 a.m., the usual breakfast hour—we were replete with every commodity necessary to feed the whole of the men, who sat down to a sumptuous meal just as if nothing had happened.

The damage is estimated at \$5,000, and is covered by insurance.

Where is fear and sorrow, wisdom cannot dwell.—Loetortius.



NEWS OF, AND LETTERS FROM, VARIOUS OFFICERS AND COMRADES WORKING THERE.

I.

PRIVATE YOUNG, MAFEKING,
Late of Regent Hall.

This comrade was formerly a soldier of the Regent Hall Corps, and upon his arrival at Cape Town became actively associated with No. 1 corps. He is now serving with the Town Guard at Mafeking. Latterly, however, he has been doing much useful service in the Mafeking corps. In a letter addressed to Capt. Quartermaster, and which has been something like two months travelling to its destination here at Cape Town, having first gone to Bulawayo from Mafeking by native carrier, via armored train to Modjadji, and thence through ports of land and water to Cape Colony, Comrade Young says :

"I am glad to be able to inform you that we are all well. God truly has been with us, and His protecting hand is upon us, for which we, the soldiers of the Mafeking corps, give Him our heartfelt thanks. Since writing you on Oct. 27, which I trust you got without delay (it has not yet come to hand) our baracks has had a misfortune, in the shape of

A Shell from the Boers.

It entered the roof and burst inside, totally wrecking the whole place. The organ and our bibles were uninjured. There were some articles of furniture destroyed. . . . We had guard-drill this morning, and we meet again this evening. Kindest regards from us all to Lieutenant and yourself. We pray that the time will speedily come when you can return."

Our Mafeking comrade amid the shot and shell falling around, has evidently no fear. Salvation puts an end to all that, as he well shows in the following simple verse which closes his epistle :-

"A blessed thing it is to feel
The power of sins forgiven;
A glorious thing it is to have
A title clear for heaven."

—•••—
II.

ENSIGN SCOTT, MODDER RIVER.

Yet another letter from Modder River Camp, where Major Swain and Ensign Scott are assisting in a host of duties. The latter writing in the absence of the Major, during his visit to the Congress, says :

"Just a week ago I got permission from Lord Methuen to hold open air in the Camp itself, and during the week we managed to put in two, it being impossible to hold one every night, as the ladies very often have their duties, such as twelve hours' picket or reserve picket, and infirmaries. Last night especially did we have a glorious time. Quite a hundred men listened as we sent forth the word of life, which we believe shall not return void. I fully realize that

Our Opportunities are Unlimited.

and pray that God may help me to use them to the best advantage for His Kingdom. On New Year's Day a young lad of the Black Watch made a new start. May many more follow his example! The lad was dedicated in the Salvation Army, and his mother is a soldier of Dundee, as he himself was until he enlisted, when he went wrong."

—•••—
III.

A DESCRIPTION OF CAMP LIFE.

The camp of the Third Division of the British Army is at present at Sterkstroom, and here Lieut. Warwicker is bravely fighting on as a Salvation Army officer. In a report just to hand he says :

"Our meetings in camp since last writing have been characterized by large crowds, perfect attention, and fresh light received. Although we cannot boast of any visible results, yet the seed is sown, and in time to come will blossom forth.

During visitation and persons I have seen across backsliders, relatives of Salvationists, Staff Officers' schoolmates, and others interested in the good old Army. The troops have been very kind to us, cooking as we need it, and helping domestically. Our Leaguers in camp have seen difficulty in attending services and tent meetings, owing to the war necessitating them always being on hand ready for an emergency. They are well saved and have no fear. We have to use discretion in holding our meetings in order to sandwich them between the camp clocks (bangles) which have to be

and used to play in our band. He was called up at the commencement of the war.—Yours obediently, E. J. Hanagan, Bandmaster."

"My dear Father and Mother,—I am just writing you a few lines to let you know I am at present quite well. I am very glad to tell you that all has gone off all right up to now. I have been in one battle already, at Estcourt, on Nov. 22nd.

"It was a long, trying fight. My regiment took part in it, but we were very lucky, we never lost a man. The West Yorkshire Regiment was with us, also the East Surrey. The West Yorks lost fifteen men killed, and there were about forty others wounded. The fight lasted from daylight until four o'clock in the afternoon. The Boers had several big guns, and we had a few shells come among us, but they were harmless, they did not hurt anyone. One dropped not far from me; it went off bang, and there was a lot of smoke and mud, and that was all the damage done.

"To-day is Sunday, and I have been to church service. It was the biggest service I have ever been to. General Buller is here with us, he is a grand soldier! There are plenty of troops in this camp, and we are going to relieve Ladysmith.

The Boers have upset the railway, so

standily, as if nothing had happened. There was a lot shot off around where we were, but not one of them touched me. We started out at 3 a.m., and as soon as it got daylight the firing began, and got hotter as the day wore on. I was in the firing line, and there was a big river which we could not cross, and we had to fall back, and that was a fearful time for us; I shall never forget it. The sun was very hot that day; it made it much worse for us. General Buller was with us in the very thickness of the fight.

He is a Brave Soldier:

I can trust him as a General. There was not a man afraid; on we went until the order was given to fall back. It is no easy thing to get to Ladysmith, for the enemy is entrenched between us and them, and they want a lot of getting out. I shall never forget how fired I was after Colenso. I was so stiff the next day I could hardly walk, but I do not mind roughing it a bit for the dear old land. We have open-air meetings nearly every night, and I can tell you we have some happy times.

—•••—
VI.

STAFF-CAPTAIN CLACK, TRANSVAAL.

We have further news from Staff-Capt. Clack, of the Transvaal, concerning himself and other Salvationists. He informs us that at the time of writing, Ensign White and Adj't. Ferreira, son, are still Pretoria, conducting meetings as often as possible. Adj't. Ferreira, son, had left to join the ambulance section of the Boer forces at Dunkirk. Our comrades at Jeppestown seem to be still alive. The Staff-Captain reports a visit he paid them, and a meeting conducted.

Again we have encouraging news from Capt. Williams of Bulawayo, who amidst great darkness and loneliness, is bravely fighting on. Kimberley is still a blank, but we have a good hope that all our officers—probably in larger—are well in body and soul. It will be a relief indeed to obtain tidings from these unfortunate comrades.

—•••—
VII.

LIEUT. WARWICKER.

"As the day so shall thy strength be." Thank God, we ourselves have proved the truth of these words in our work among the troops! "Progress" has been our watchword since last writing the Cry. Our surroundings are stamped with earnestness, and the troops are eager to hear the Truth; they show it in their faces. Our daily visits to the sick and wounded are blessed times. How the poor fellows listen to God's word—some bright and cheerful, others hanging their heads, with minds, no doubt, returning back to their homes and godly parents. We talk, read, testify, and pray with them. We also freely distribute what few Crys we have. Oh, what a need, a never before, for Army literature!

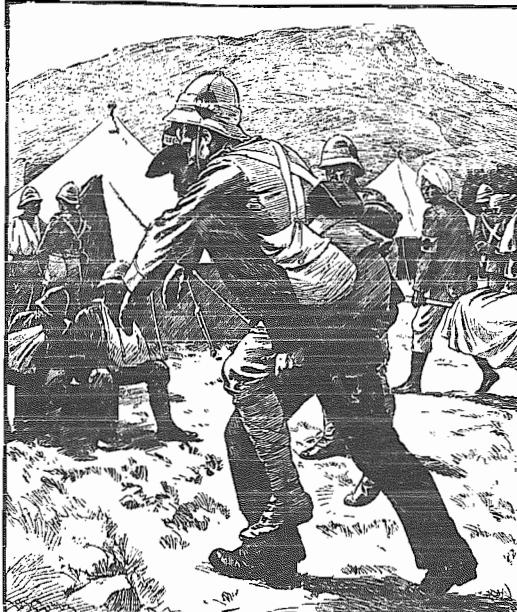
SOME TREAT THEIR WOUNDS VERY LIGHTLY

and even seem pleased and proud to carry a mark, as proof of loyalty to the cause and country. Speaking to a batch of sick and wounded, which have just come into hospital from the mountains, one says he has not eaten any food for seven days, another that he has been ill for twenty-one days, being continually wet through for want of shelter. Their looks verified their statements.

I might fill pages with accounts of bravery told by the poor fellows. One told me today that a soldier cannot feed for others till he is on his own deathbed. He, I find, is an exception.

WHERE IS YOUR HOME?

Home is a place where a man's heart dwells. It may be called by others a saloon, or a race-track, or an office, but if that is where a man's whole heart is centred, that is his home. How well we know that if a man's heart comes to rest truly in wife and children, then where they are becomes his home! No thing will make his house cease to be his home but their departure from it. Even so when our hearts come to rest in God, and our thoughts delight in turning to Him, then heaven becomes our habitation. And when we learn to see that God is the home of the heart, and that God is the tenderness of our human love, and that God is the inspiration of good works and of true thought, as well as the joy of heavenly contemplation, then shall we learn in the world, in our households, in our labor, and in our heavenly hopes, always and everywhere to be at home in God.



THE SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS CARRIED WOUNDED SOLDIERS ALL DAY.

(From the London War Cry.)

obeyed at all cost. Thunderstorms have been very frequent of late, the rain having flooded and saturated the tent and myself. Having only a khaki suit and me, I have had to stand around the camp fire the next morning to put things right. Some of the troops have fared worse than myself, having sought refuge in our tent during the night—

A Tent Well Ventilated.

and far from waterproof. But, amid all our difficulties, God is good and over-balances all our little troubles with His goodness. Personally speaking, He has given me many victories and blessings."

—•••—

IV.

PRIVATE NEWMAN, FRERE CAMP.

late of Croydon I.

The following extracts from the Private Newman, late bandsman of Croydon I., now with the 2nd Queen's Regiment in South Africa, were, through the kindness of Bro. Newman, sent by the bandmaster of Croydon I.

He writes : "Sir, Newman, his wife, two daughters, and one son, are soldiers of this corps, and one daughter is a Field Officer. The son, copies of whose letters I enclose, was an Army Reserve man,

and we have to make it good as we go. I must also tell you that I have seen some of the Salvation

ARMY LASSES OUT HERE,

and that they are a grand people. I trust that you will stick to the dear old Army, and I pray that God will bless everyone that bears its name. Give my best love to my beloved wife. God bless her! I am very sorry that this job has happened.

"I have had a few letters from my dear wife, and she seems to me to worry good deal. I wish I could help to stop that, for under the care of Him Who has all power, I am just as safe in South Africa as I am in my own house. Please tell her there are lots of Christian mess in our Regiment.

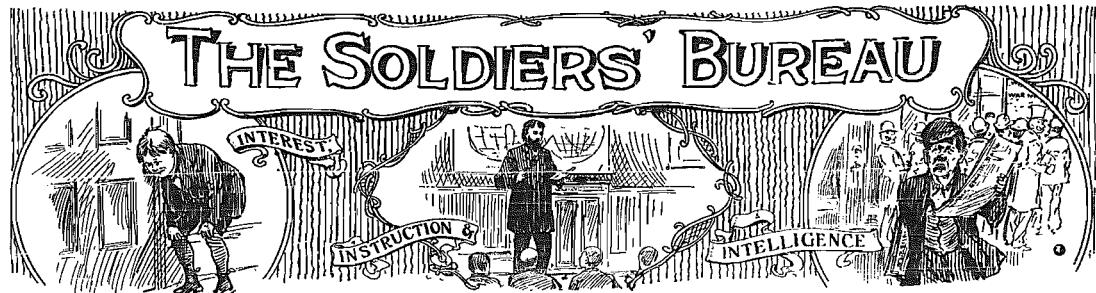
"We are doing just as well as anyone could expect to do on this job. Plenty to eat and drink, and that goes a long way in war time."

—•••—

V.

FROM CHIEVELEY CAMP

We were in a very tight place on the 15th of December. It will never be forgotten. It simply rained bullets, while the Boer big guns barked away at us. Our men faced it quite coolly and



Terse Topics.

THE CHILDREN'S CHANCE.

This is one of the most important weeks of all the Siege: in fact, there is a sense in which it may be considered the most important of all. During the last few years of the Army's history, our work amongst the children has taken tremendous strides. We are coming more than ever to see and feel that the great hope for the future of this world's redemption lies in the salvation of the children. At all costs their feet must be led into holy ways, their hearts kept unpoluted from sin's stains, and their prattling voices early lent to the songs and speech of heaven. As Salvation soldiers who have sworn to God and our own hearts to risk everything to win mankind for our Master, we cannot afford ever to think lightly of our opportunities for reaching the children. The Siege offers us a splendid chance to bless and save the little ones—let us seize it to the full. It may be hard to save the child, but it will be ten times harder to save the man. Prevention is better than cure in the service of God and the lost as in all other undertakings.

A Solitary Soldier's Story.

II.

"A plain little book" (not worth six-pence, the holder thought contemptuously) and with that peculiar crested motto, "Blood and Fire," stamped thereon. The title was clear, "The Doctrines and Disciplines of the Salvation Army."

"Doctrines!" ejaculated Mrs. Hargraves; "I never knew they had any."

But she was interested, despite her strong wish not to be. Rachel's mother had many theological doubts, and when she caught sight of a chapter dealing with one of those vexed questions she could not refrain from saying every word. A sort of longing crept up into the steel-grey eyes as she finished reading those terrible declarations and explanations of faith.

"Perhaps, after all, I've misjudged Him," she murmured, tears in her eyes: "the heart of God is larger than I thought."

A rattle of chairs overhead warned her that the afternoon's class, and her afternoon's quiet had alike terminated. On the stairs she met Rachel just leaving with the girls. She glimmed in some surprise at the little red book in her mother's hand.

"It is your Salvation creed-book, Rachel—may I keep it an hour or two? It has put a new aspect on some of my difficulties."

"Keep it as long as you like, mother darling."

The girl was too astonished to say more. In the privacy of her own room she began to reflect and reprobate herself on some breath:

"How beautiful! Mother's been putting over those theological treatises for years and they haven't solved her problems—they didn't mine! Thank You, Jesus! But, oh, how faithless I've been! I was more afraid for the offence that the simplicity of my little D. D. book would give, than for the more pronounced objection of my Crys. Jesus, help me to believe for big things, and make me strong, and bring them nearer!"

Rachel pinned on a bright tin brooch (which had also come in the parcel from Headquarters) and went down to tea slugging—

"I'm trusting in Jesus for all; My will is the will of my God." God was having His own way, she thought, and it was very pleasant.

III.

"I do my best, but the village cramps me. Church, and square, and everybody are against me—I can gain for the Army no foothold here. God calls me to the front—I'm not at all clever, but I'm a soldier longing to be under other orders than my own. Take me!"

So Rachel pleaded from Headquarters, and the answer came in the form of her Candidates' papers. Peacefully they were signed with her mother's reluctant consent (the prospect of a necessity for Franklin Schmidt gave no pleasure now), and Rachel waited.

She was counting her bundle of War Crys—for she still took them, though the villagers were unfriendly as ever, and she sold but few—when the postman brought her a letter stamped with the well-known crest.

"Can't it be the marching orders they spoke of, so soon?" she wondered as she carried it to the twilight-lit window and eagerly unlatched the sash. The expectant died out of her eyes as she read the opening page. It was like a sword, but its meaning cruelly clear. Headquarters had considered the matter, but in view of her extreme delicacy of health it was not thought advisable to accept her.

The letter dropped from Rachel's fingers. She was rejected! In that quiet crisis of her life she glanced on the quiet scene of her childhood's years: was it to be the scene of her life-work too?

The blacksmith was leaning over his half-door. At sight of him Rachel's lips parted in a sorrowful little smile.

"The torment of Hexton's peace and quiet! that what I heard him say when I stopped with the Crys at the smutty door last week. Ab, Williams, the 'torment' is not going to leave Hexton after all."

"Symptoms of consumption already there," had been the doctor's verdict. Then I must die soon, though I live this shut-up opportunity-forsaken life till too! The blacksmith was leaning over his half-door. At sight of him Rachel's lips parted in a sorrowful little smile.

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Suddenly there flashed before her mental vision the brilliant lettering of the motto of her spiritual birthplace—"Let God have His own way with you." The remembrance proved as oil upon those troubled waters of her soul. Con-trition smote her—she sank on her knees.

"Lord, forgive me!" she murmured. "I have it. Why—however dark. I can't understand why, but Thou dost!"

An hour later Rachel was descending the stair, her eyes still tearful, but shining and serene. A noise in the hall arrested her. The vicar was just taking his leave.

"Ah, Mrs. Hargraves," she heard him say, "things have been dragging a little of late, and depraved men like Masters have neglected their church for them! (excuse me)—the 'Horse and Holter.' Life, my dear lady-life is what this village wants. Wait till these brightly-instructive, dramatic entertainments in the church-room are commenced. The church itself won't be long in filling. I wish we could only persuade your daughter to —"

Rachel heard no more, not even her mother's reprobative reply. He cheeks were burning with righteous indignation, which made her put away her disappointment.

"And I said there was no opportunity!" she whispered. "Now, Lord, give me courage. Those dramatic entertainments shall not satisfy the villagers' souls!"

If the vicar could have seen the effect of his words!

(To be continued.)

What a Soldier Should Know

The Army's Belief on Eternal Punishment.

The Army believes in eternal punishment, and teaches it continually, for the following reasons:

1. Because it sincerely believes that Christ taught it in unhesitating and loud language.

2. Nowhere in the Bible does it find that reformation after death is made possible.

3. We have no right to expect, love, mercy, and compassion at the expense of God's justice and righteousness.

And that the Army is consistent with such belief is evidenced by the desperate earnestness for saving the people from hell, exhibited by its officers and soldiers. Many in its ranks, as well as elsewhere, have been awakened to a sense of danger by our consistency on this point.

The Army's Teaching on Holiness.

The Army teaches that the ideal which all truly-saved people aim at, of loving God with all your heart, body, soul, and might, is perfectly attainable through the mighty power of Christ. We do not so destroy the flesh, as is contrary to His command, and we preserve us by His Spirit, that He may indeed be King of our life. But perhaps the most striking feature of the Army's holiness teaching is the continued insistence upon absolute self-sacrifice for others. The Army does not favor refinement into a beautiful, heavenly life for its own sake, but entire devotion to God, that He may have full use of all our powers for His war. The strength of the Army anywhere is in proportion to the number of its people who have ceased to care for any interest of their own.

What is a Real Love for Souls?

It should mean that the soldier will give up any situation, home, or position; will face any sort or amount of opposition or suffering, and will dare to carry out any plan, however strange and extraordinary, to get at and at the who are afar off from God and from every good influence, and to bring them to true repentance and salvation. It should mean getting up extra early, and staying up and out extra late, not only attending to the end of every possible meeting, but making all sorts of efforts, apart from meetings, known only to God, in order to force upon erring souls attention to the voice of God.

How to Account for Backsliders.

The number of backsliders from the Army are not more than those from other organizations, though they are easier detected, for the following reason:

1. The nature of our organization, emphasizing as it does such agreeable, self-denying warfare, makes the existence of secret backsliders almost impossible.

2. The great mass of our people are so honest and childlike that, when they feel they are not willing to obey all the dictates of their consciences, they acknowledge their faultiness at once to all who know them.

3. Most Salvationists come from a class which has not yet been trained in firmness, and endurance, and steadfastness: therefore, their natural, as well as their spiritual, character, makes it easy for them to slip back.

Mr. Beecher's Sarcasm was Effective

In the Plymouth congregation there was at one time a woman who was a thorn in the flesh. She had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speaking. Her long drawn-out fun discussions wearied the congregation. But Mr. Beecher was patient. At last, he reached the limit of endurance, and one evening, when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meetings." She spoke no more.

God knows our need before we ask. Then what is prayer for? Not to inform Him, nor to move Him, unwilling to hear, to have mercy, as if He set a proud pride. He required a certain amount of recognition for His greatness as the price of His favors. But to fit our hearts by conscious need and true dependence and to receive the gifts which He is ever willing to give, but which we are not always willing to receive. As St. Augustine has it, "The empty vessel is, by Rev. Alex. McLaren, D.D.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," said the father to his child.

"Is it like the rainbow that you cannot catch?"

And then, methinks, he'd add, in accent-mild,

"No human hand can lift to-morrow's sun—

Our eyes may never behold its rising sun.

Its light may never within our sight appear,

Like he who once did t'ward the rainbow run.

And found to be far off, what seemed so near."

To-morrow is to us a God-locked door, And He alone has keeping of its key. We never know, when one day's work is over,

Where really we shall in the morning be.

Then, oh, how we should strive to do the right,

How necessary that we should be true That where we rest our tired head at night,

All may be well, whate'er God wills to do.

To-morrow is not ours. We've but to-day,

Nay, we've but now, this very moment, now,

Ere we're the chance another word to say,

We may be called in death our head to bow.

Oh, then, should we not now be careful more?

Our life indeed is but a narrow span, And ere we view the opening of death's door,

We want to do—we must do—all we can!

God speaks like this to you, oh, friend of mine,

He is the Father, and you are the child,

If we would yet, you all just now resign To Jesus Christ, so merciful and mild. For hearts are hungering after something true,

And if you will but tread the God marked way,

The world shall better be for knowing you.

Then do it, not to-morrow, but to-day.

—Albert Tristram.



IN THEIR STEPS

OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJT PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

CHAPTER IV.

When the Salvation Army came and took over our mission, I had hardly say that one great deal of interest was aroused in our little community. Some who never went to a religious meeting, were determined to come and see what "the Army" was like.

They had heard so many conflicting statements. Some said they were the best of people; some that they were the worst; some said that they were mad; others said they were wiser than the wisest. Some said that they were going to upset and break down the churches, and some that they were the church's brightest hope, and that both agencies could walk alongside of each other to mutual advantage.

So now the people were coming to see for themselves, and to form their own opinions.

We anticipated a crush, so took down a side of our building, and erected a kind of shed over the yard. Mrs. White and myself soon fixed up some seats with boards we borrowed for the purpose, and as the weather was dry and warm, we were as satisfied and proud as if we'd got a fine church at our disposal.

We were delighted to see our old Major amongst us once more. He had not changed. The same longing, looking soul seemed to peep from his heart through his eyes. His face "shone" with the light, and yet his fulness made him humble, not proud; as willing to talk to the smallest child as the biggest man—and sometimes more so.

He brought with him—not in a carriage, for they had walked several miles—two Salvation Army basses, Captain Emily Rose and Lieut. Redstone. These were to be placed in charge of the work, for the Major was only spending three days with us.

It is not my intention to describe at any length the opening meetings. About sixteen came out for the blessing in the morning, and, after a hard fight, one poor woman sought salvation in the afternoon.

I must not forget to mention that our minister actually accepted an invitation that was sent to him to attend our first meeting, and we were there. We were all so glad to see him. Somehow he commanded people's love. That was how it was so hard for me to "give him up," when God called upon me to do so. In fact, before the "greater light" came, I used to lean upon him, perhaps, more than I should, so God knocked away that "spiritual prop," as He has many before and since for Christians all over the world.

He was not quite himself to-day, however. A restless look about his eyes betrayed the fact that he was not heart-rending in sympathy with our movement, as his presence would seem to imply. But he came with us, and for a few words of encouragement to the female officers, inviting them, at the same time, to call upon his wife when they visited the town.

At the night meeting, which took place a couple of hours later, we had two striking testimonies, which I will reproduce.

Sgt Will Fern: "You all know me: a rough and tough fellow as never pretended to have any religion for as far back as I can remember, from I was a trickified kid. I was not only born in sin, like other people, but I grew up in it too, and seemed to thrive in it in a measure. And somehow, I always the devil off and on, and go and come, but I preferred myself to him. There's hardly a sin I wasn't guilty of, harrin' out murder, and I've done that in my heart. If some of you had the home training as I had, you might have grown up like me. I need hardly say that religion wasn't in my line. I never went to church, and never said no prayers. Drinking and gambling was my Bible and hymn-book. If it wasn't for one or two brothers that is here, I would have been on the road to hell to-day, or might

have been inside, for I was going down hill without any brake on. I remember one ministerial bloke astoppin' before my cottage one day, when I was smoking the little black devil that I cracked away when I got converted, an' he ses to me, ses he, 'Good-mornin,' I' nods my head to reply, for I seed he was a musher. Seein' again, 'My dear good man, why don't you come to the church sometimes?' And then I took the pipe out of my mouth, for my own convenience, and I ses to him, 'Why don't the church come to me?' So he never said nothink, but slinked away. I tell you what, friends, I'd got too much of a big devil, and more than Mary Madugnatur ever had, to be converted by the likes o' him. An' I could see from the way his kid gloves fitted him, an' the odor of perfume, that he'd not care to be seen n-walkin' along the narrow road with the likes o' me! Come to Jesus—but don't! I used to goin' to shake hands with you! Come to Jesus, an' you may be laid at the bottom of the church! Come to Jesus—but my lips must tush the cap above yours! Come to Jesus—and how

ointment—I means ornament—she is to me to-day, an' to all of us, an' to God! I thank the Lord for her, an' her smile as cheers me when the devil worries me, an' her faith as never gets dim! An' I thank Him for this mission, and for the Salvation Army. He has given strength to me. I was one o' them as joined the church down the town, an' they put me to sit on poverty bench as a curiously! I was gettin' chilled, an' tire o' bein' patronized by a lot o' gentle folks; but I'm glad o' the fire as has warmed me up, an' keeps me red-hot for God. I'm believin' it will spread, even into the church by-and-bye, an' so I ses, Praise God for everything. Amen!"

(To be continued.)

League of Mercy Notes.

From Guelph, where weekly services are conducted in the General Hospital and County Jail, Sgt.-Major Mrs. Dawson writes:—

"We are having good times both in the Hospital and the Jail. One poor soul professed to find God. Captain Keeley is a good help, and you know he sings and plays his guitar beautifully. The first time he went into the hospital the capital was had, and grand time there was keepin' on almost every hand. That good old song, 'Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,' went with a swing. One of the



THE JUBILEE HALL
(Showing the increase in height of ceiling).

and scrape to me, while I paternizes you! My friends, this isn't that sort of religion as Jesus Christ brought into the world, or the Philistines wouldn't have crucified Him! An' this ain't the sort as can win the likes o' Will Fern, an' some o' you. (Cries o' Amen!) But when the time comes here—
I've heard stories—from where the sun never sets shinin'—an' this other one as I'm goin' to come along to my cottage, an' ain't too proud to shake my fist, an' calls me brother, an' pleads with me to give up my sinful life, an' let the Good Shepherd, what they said was a-lokin' for me, find me—I seed they was not frosty, neither was they doin' it for a livin', as some is. Mind you, I don't say as how I give in at all once. My old taskmaster had me too long an' too tight for that. But they never baited me, but comes back as reg'lar as clock-work. Sometimes I see 'em comin' in 'em' eyes wide up, an' tells 'em it wasn't no use. I was too hardened. But they wouldn't give in—not they. Neither would me, nor my missus. Tell one day she starts a singin' about a little girl as was dyin', an' wanted her father to give his heart to God afore she went. And then I 'membered my little 'un as died, an' I gets down on my knees, an' gives up myself, an' asks the Lord to have mercy on me. An' do you know how the answer come? I was a-kneelin' and prayin' when I feels a drop of warm water drop on my hand. It was a tear an' o' de eye o' an' on ten, but it minded me of a drop of Christ's blood. An' just then, beginnin' a sing song rolled away. Glory be to God! Yes, my friends, an' after they got me converted they follers up my missus till she gives up too; an' you know what a bright

patients told me since that they all sing it. Two weeks ago, when we reached them, one nurse came to us and said, "Sing, 'No, not one.'" We were hurried into St. Andrew's Ward, and the nurse came to us and asked if we would mind going over to the window and singing as a nurse weeks in the diphtheria ward, who could not get in, wanted to hear the



VIEW OF THE TEMPLE AUDITORIUM.
(The Gallery is not shown in this photograph.)

Captain sing and play, and for half-an-hour that nurse stood outside in the cold and heard our music.

→11←

Ensign Moss, in charge of the League in Spokane, tells us:—

"We are having good meetings at the Jail. The inmates are always glad to see us, and listen to all we have to say. I enjoy going to the Jail. We do have some lovely times, and the officers are always willing to do what we can to help us. Just as soon as we can will visit the Hospitals, for a long time past they have been full of small-pox cases. We have been surrounded with it."

→11←

Sgt.-Major Mrs. Beale, of St. Catharines, writes:—

"We had a lovely meeting in the Jail Thursday afternoon. There are three prisoners, and they seemed to enjoy the service. I went down to the Hospital this week; they are quite willing that we should go there."

→11←

From Kingston, where the League is visiting regularly various institutions, we conduct a quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Sgt. Major Mrs. Countryman, in speaking of the last one, says:—

"We had our quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Ensign Ward was in charge. The men enjoyed it. I have been to see a man in the penitentiary who was dying. Christ was his All."

→11←

From Peterborough, Sgt.-Major Mrs. Comstock sends the following:

"We visited the jail on the 15th, and had a real salvation meeting. Ten men came out and cried like children. One was the man I wrote about who was arrested. He is still here. We had a public League meeting in the barracks on the 15th. Every man enjoyed the meeting, and we had a good crowd. Mrs. Burritt has been helping us at the jail and the Old Folks' Home. I think our work is pulling up. We need six members that we can rely on who will feel responsible. I don't want any place to be neglected. It is a long walk to the hospital each time, and I feel it rather much, but they look for us and are very kind. We expect to have a meeting at the Orphan's Home next week. I am beginning to feel God is blessing our efforts, and He is teaching me many lessons through the League work."

Wisely Using Silence.

While the Scriptures put the sins of omission among the worst and most damning, they also hint to us that our best service may be that of omission as well. This is true, especially in omitting to use our tongues when it is safe and ungodly to do so. Every man can recall instances in which he said what made him bite his tongue afterwards. But how seldom have we needed to be ashamed of silence under provocation! "I have observed many," says Ambrose, "who, by speaking, have fallen into sin; scarcely one who has fallen by silence." We never fail by being silent for ourselves and our rights, but we must avoid silence when God and the truth require speech.

THE

"Scarlet Thread"

By EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

(Continued.)

V.

"... In prison and ye visited Me."

One of the most perplexing features of a Salvationist to the outside world is the difficulty of making up just when and where they are least expected. Had one of these not-yet-extinct species of critics, who ignorantly suppose that a Salvationist's whole duty is spanned by street parading, glanced down one of the gloomy corridors of the jail on a certain afternoon, he might have been surprised to see the slight figure, clad in regulation blue, which appeared at the gate. Her entrance always produced more or less of a sensation, but not one of astonishment. The prison officials had long since been awake to the blessed influences which the Army's coming wrapt through the cells, and their visit had become a recognized and much awaited event. Sergeant Ames, the prison official at the door was a man who prided himself upon the strictness of legal propriety. He had never been known to speak in anything but such tones as matched his impeccable and immaculate collar; but even this embodiment of law and order strangely impeded before the contagious cordiality of the Salvationist's greeting.

The sweet, pale face must have had a strange effect upon Sergeant Ames, for it was noticed that he omitted clashing the gate with that clang which made all akin metal through the vast jail bar in sympathy.

"Strikes me very queer that you should like some one to these places," said Sergeant Ames, as they walked along. "I should think, by the looks of you, that you don't know anything about sin, and it generally makes folks talk kind of thing of sin kind of melancholy-like to mix up with it; I don't think this is senrely the place for you anyway—don't think I don't welcome you though."

WHEN LIGHT IS NEEDED.

"Oh! I'm sure you welcome me, Sergeant! I'm glad you do, because I want to come often—just as often as I can; for you, I like to be in those places where I have the biggest chance to do the most good. You see, Sergeant, if this morning, I were to ask you to allow me to light a lamp in your office, you would think I was very stupid—you would say the lamp wasn't needed, that there was plenty of light there, from the beautiful noon-day sun—but to-night, when your room was full of darkness, if I brought in a lamp you would be very glad to let me light it in the darkness. Now, of course, it's not so bad to do, but I think that the world could do even better without all the churches which are filled with the goad—if they are good—than it could dispose with one poor man, or little lass like me, who travels down into the haunts of darkness and sin, because, you see, the good people have a light of their own, like your office this morning, and we could do without the lamps, better than the places of the wretched and the wicked, which are full of darkness. A little lass like me may not be half so grand and brilliant a light as you may find elsewhere, but then, if I am burning where light is much the most wanted, I am still useful, and constantly making wrecks happen out of the thick darkness. I think the Lord will make up for what sort of a shape lamp, or humble lamp, I may be, and help me to light the way. Just as if you were in the dark to-night, tumbling over things, and hurting yourself because you could not see, you would not mind what kind of a holder my candle had, as long as I brought the candle."

During these remarks Sergeant Ames had said nothing—there was nothing to say in reply to such a profoundly philosophical argument; besides, Sergeant Ames found himself seriously wondering as to whether he, as a professing

Christian, was a lamp at all, and where he shone.

The girl's figure with quick step glided towards the object of her visit—H—Sergeant Ames, not knowing why—unless it was a sudden want to

GIVE THE "LAMP" ALL THE CHANCE POSSIBLE.

sprung his key in the lock and unfastened the door. He felt he could not allow the influence of this heavenly visitor to be fettered by spending through the bars around. The old official, governed by courtesy, turned away—conquered by curiosity, listened.

"Yes, here I am again, Jack—the Scarlet Thread! if such you like to call me. Oh, how I wish I could bring you the cord which would connect your soul with the skies, and bind your spirit to the little one already there. I have thought a lot about you, and feel dreadfully sorry for you since the child died. See, this is one of the little flowers I laid upon the morn grave. I thought you would like some to lay a flower there, and so I did, and brought this one to show you the kind."

The man snatched the bit of flower held out to him; then conscious of his shyness, said apologetically :

"Well, I think it's awful kind of you to have troubled to go to the poor mite's grave, for who is there who would give the grave of the poor a thought, or the hole their digging makes in a man's heart, and if that man be wicked, why should anyone care for him or his sorrow?"

"When they mourn, who stays? If they drop by the way, who lingers? The world rushes on, carrying its wealth with it, and one has speechless substance to support the midnight lamps which curse and min the other half." Listen Captain," and his eyes flashed like embers of the midnight sky, "the rich man's gold is lent to paint up sin, and the more horrid the sin it paints, and the more attractive it appears under its false mask, the more the learned and the supposed great applaud.

"The higher price the theatre, the more brilliant and captivating are the lights and cloaks which adorn crime, and the more hideous the crime which the lights and cloaks adorn. And Love and Beauty, and Christianity's sovereign name are lent to cover faults like these."

The better brand the whisky carries, and the higher revenue it brings, the more rapid the work of the scorpion's sting.

GOOD BAFFLES HAND-CUFFS.

While a man has money the law doesn't come his way. As long as he can keep his footing in the paths of these vile acts, he is exonerated, he is welcomed, he is high up in society. But the tide gets down. His money is gone, his good appearance is gone; with wild remorse, his senses are gone and with distorted reason he curses and kills what he himself would bless and caress. Then the law, and society, which have supported him, crush him, hunt him like a hound, chain him, and let him die—the quicker the pauper's grave the better—heaven snatched 'neath the hammer of the strongest power outside heaven—sin. The weaklings sitting upon the fence between desperate sin and desperate righteousness call him weak."

"The heart hath no relief as she looked at the stony countenance of the man as stony as the flings upon which he stood. "I have a lovely story to tell you," she said, "tell of such wonder and truth. It will take away the bitterness out of your heart, and destroy all its sorrow. I wish you would listen to it. It is the best story

that has ever been told. It is no painted play, no mere picture hung on the wall, no myth or fable—it is three-worlds' greatest truth; all the ages of time will never outrun it, and all eternity will be too short to tell out everything that belongs to it. It is such a wondrous story of love—God's love to man, and Christ's love for the sinner—a story that broke its meaning over the world when wrapped in an awful darkness—the darkness of filth, cruelty and shame, of which the human spirit is. It was the night when Christ took all our sins upon Him; when the falling drops of blood told of pardon for the wicked; when the uncounted tears spoke happiness for the sad; when the exhaustion and thirst said rest for the weary. Oh, it is such a story! I cannot tell you half. I can see by what you yourself tell me that in the world you have found there is no rest. You have taken the cup of pleasure and drunk it to the dregs—it has left you with

A SCRATCH ON YOUR TONGUE

and a fever in your brain. You have sought the sweets of sin through vanity, and by every stream of this world's misery—but you have only become the thicker tangled in all its bitterness—the bitterness of the transgressor's road. Sin has no hands with which to blemish—no matter how pretty they seem, they can but curse. Sin has no waters with which to satisfy—no matter how fair are their running; all its flowing streams can give is endless thirst. Sin has no beauty with which to adorn—it's mask is the distortion of God's loveliest works. Leave, oh, leave its paths, even now."

"Captain, don't you think I'm too far down to be worthed, and too bad?" a tear dropped as he bent upon the flower in his hand.

"No! because, you see, the heart of my Lord Jesus is so big that He wants everybody to come and hide in it. Remember the dying thief, he was a frightfully wicked man—so wicked that they hung him—it must have seemed to him that he had lost his every chance of ever being anything that was happy and good; yet Jesus pardoned him, and cleaned him so wholly cleansed him that he could go in company with Christ Himself to heaven. I think that was boundless mercy and wondrous grace, and I know there is all this mercy and grace for you."

"How can I find it?"

"You will find it by seeking it! Just as soon as you turn away from the darkness of your sin, you will turn to all the light of righteousness. Just gather up your past, your wretchedness, your wrong, and carry them to the wounds made on Calvary for your transgressions. Believe He loves you, believe He died for you, believe He can save you, as wholly as He saved that dying thief and the powers of His grace will help you. I fear as though your little child was watching you from her high place, and her voice calling, to help you in your struggle to the skies."

"Oh, Captain—

"If I seek Him, if I find Him,

"Is He sure to bless?"

And the Captain—

"With that triumphant look faith wears. When not a cloud of fear or doubt, A vapor from this vale of tears. Between her and her God appears?"

answered. "Yes, ten thousand times, yes?"

* * *

VI.

"... Rejoicing over one sinner that repented."

The musical murmur of children's voices—the cheerful click, click, of needle and thread—the hissing and crackling of a blazing fire, and the purring hum of a simmering tea-kettle wattled the mingled harmonies of home through the open door.

The ravenously-braided hair of the woman, sewing, lifted quietly at the visitor's entrance, revealing a face whose blissful features bore no trace of the want and grief they used to wear. Just now the countenance of Jack Hurst's wife was irradiated as she turned to greet the incomer with a warmth of embrace that would have hopelessly disengaged anything but a Hallelujah bon-

"Dene Mrs. Hurst," said the Captain. "I'm so glad to see you again! How happy you look! It is hard to say which shines the brightest—that of the face or your eye."

Here a duet of delight from the children interrupted the speaker, as she was frantically seized upon by four small, plump arms, whose aim appeared, the most strangling of embraces.

"I was just thinking of you when I heard your step on the stairs," went on Mrs. Hurst, unfastening the Captain's wraps, and pulling forward the most comfortable chair in the room; "I could not help wanting to see you to-night. Do you remember this night twelve months back?"

"Remember? Yes, I remember! It was a night, when all the terrors that had filled me—had flapped their black wings and flew before the divine entrance of angels. It was indeed heaven's "Peace on earth," that night Jack came home converted, and his salvation was the forerunner of all this brightness, the pictures on the walls, the food in the cupboard, the pretty frocks on the children, and all the light shining in your heart I can see emanating through your eyes."

While tears of tender joy tent a rainbow effect to the sunshine smile of Mrs. Hurst, she said:

"Wasn't it time? I've often wondered how I acted that night, for I was so overcome—I scarcely knew where I was—I didn't know what to believe. There was Jack saying he had come home a new man, to live a new life, and asking me if I could forgive him for all the wrong he had done. There were the children peeping out from behind the cupboard door half smiling, and half afraid. There was yourself coming in like

A WHOLE WAREHOUSE ON TWO FEET.

with your arms laden with bread, wood, and meat and piled high, hanging from your elbows.

I tell you, Captain, I did not know where I was. I couldn't believe it; and then, to top all, you said that Major somebody—bless your dear soul, I don't know who—had secured Jack a situation, and he was to go after it next morning. Then I couldn't even say, "Thank you—do you remember? Why, I couldn't do anything but, foolish like, cry!" Well, after all, I don't know, I fancied if in heaven they could see all the floods of joy bursting in me, and remembering anything of the sorrow through which I had come, some heart must have been overwhelmed too. Much joy and peace shined that repulsive—*I* know they set all the bells a-tolling, and harps a-ringin', and started the children singing, the night Jack came home."

Just at this moment the door might have fallen a victim to a Boer shell, for the bang with which it was thrust open. Little Johnnie, who had left the room a few minutes back with a dignified notice of his intention to meet his father, darted in, crying:

"Mamma, father's here—say's open-sir's nearly ready—only ten minutes for tea—wants you to go to meeting with him, mamma."

"Is it possible?" The tall, strong figure of Jack, in full regulation uniform, confronted the Captain. The Captain said something, but it wasn't very distinct, and Jack never heard what it was, for he was saying, "Captain, all you see of me, all here I have of which to be proud, I owe through God, to you and the Army. I was depraved, I was down, I was a lost son; but you told me my mother's God would have mercy on me—you told me your lovely story, 'The Scarlet Thread,' of Christ's love to us, and the underground wretchedness of my soul and the exquisite light of its wondrous grace—*and* you see how what its grace has done. It has laid down the carpet we are standing upon; it has smoothed out the furrows in my wife's brow, and taken the bend out of her shoulders; it has touched the children's cheeks, and left rose-buds there; it has put back the light of manhood in my own poor dull eyes; it has saved me! Yes, God saved me as you told me He did the dying thief."

SAVED WE WHOLLY."

At the battle of Alma, in the Crimean War, while the enemy poured forth shot and shell, and were flying fast, the British line advanced steadily—overcoming obstacles—climbing steep places, and crossing streams, until the Heights were nearly taken, when the British troops presented a thin red line, which was afterwards called the Scarlet Bow, or the Scarlet Arch, forcing the enemy to either flee in disorder, or surrender. Regardless of the constant thinning of the ranks, men fell here and there, the thin red line pushed on until they occupied the enemy's position.

So will the red line of Calvary's triumphs iniquity and prejudice are captured and the opponents of Heaven surrendered, and the world is saved.



CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Midland.

After attending the special meetings held in Toronto, I visited Midland. The meetings were well attended and owned of God, four souls being the result of the day's battle. Bro. Smith will no doubt make a little advance on last quarter's G. B. M. returns when his returns are all in.

Goldwater.

The friends in Goldwater take quite an interest in our G. B. M. work, and under the circumstances, contribute well to the same. The lantern service was not known to many, yet we had a nice crowd present.

Rama.

Rama is an Indian village, about seven miles from Orillia, where we have some faithful soldiers. This meeting had been well announced, and a good crowd met for the same, notwithstanding the wet and unpleasant night. The G. B. M. work is something new in this district, yet Mrs. Wesley is doing well with it as the acting Agent.

Gravenhurst.

Capt. Lott has recently taken charge of this corps, and seeing that she is much interested in the G. B. M. work we may expect G.— to make rapid progress, especially now that Mrs. Bartley, a friend of the P. A., has taken up the work as agent. The returns this quarter surpass the previous returns of 1889. The weather was really stormy on Thursday night, and our lantern meeting was postponed until Friday—when we had a larger crowd.

More anon.—W. H. Burrows, T. F. S.

The Saved Bushwhacker GOES TO THE BUSH.

Billed that night with some very kind people. The next morning, after breakfast, what should appear but a genuine tramp. What a sight! Even Joe Beef's can't show anything tougher looking. The usual story, out of work, no food for a long time, on one foot a boot split clear to the toe, on the other a rubber. Well, he met some kind hearts this time and was given a good breakfast. The old lady wept over him. It was very touching to see this woman's emotion over the poor fellow.

Bancroft next. Suddenly we drop down into a valley and we are in a nice little village, the trading centre of this part of the country. Dinner at a boarding-house. There are gentlemen other side of the table. Enter another gentleman. We are soon in conversation and discover he had played in one of our bands in England, ten years ago. Still has a warm heart for the S. A. Visited Rev. Mr. Anderson, Methodist minister. Say, boss, what do you think of a preacher who announced our meeting, got the hills put up, and then invited me to use his pulpit Sunday night? I must say I have received much kindness from the ministers in this back country. They have very large circuits to travel—some 20 and some 40 miles.

I hear that a Hallelujah bonnet sometimes appears on the street here, but as the owner is five or six miles away, we don't get the chance of seeing her; but this shows, sir, that someone fifty miles from an Army corps, sticks to the uniform.

Next day we start for Bro. Payne's again. Dear Editor, imagine yourself a boy at school again. I am the teacher. How long does it take to go 15 miles at 3 miles per hour? Well, we got there.

Had a lantern service at Gilroy schoolhouse. A good crowd, fine attention, people delighted. This was Saturday night. Sunday, 2:30 p.m., a crowd. It did my heart good to talk to these people. They only get a service once in two weeks, and I tell you they drink in this one, and invitations were given thick and fast to come again.

Sunday evening, 60 miles from the S. A., no church or meeting in reach, yet what a nice time we had in the old

farm house. Bro. P. sang, the children sang, I—(this is a secret known only to my acquaintances).

Monday, another drive behind Ned. Cee Hill. The welcome blast of the C. O. R. whistle. I am away for St. Ola. Only one man in the coach. Opened conversation. An ex-Salvationist from B. C. Just been visiting the very place I want to find out about. Strange how the right thing has happened at the right time all through this trip.

St. Ola. The smiling face of Bro. Quenckewich. We are soon at the house of Mr. B. Solmes. I must say I enjoyed my stay here. Everybody, even the baby, seemed to say, "Hello! to see you. Making out at home."

Evening—Greenbush schoolhouse. This is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and speaks highly for the good taste of the people here. A fine crowd. Rev. Mr. Sanderson (Methodist) came in and led in prayer, and by his kindness made a very nice feeling of unity and fellowship. People gave strict attention to the service, and would gladly have had it repeated. The meeting is dismissed, but Mr. Sanderson stops the people. They must give a vote of thanks. He spoke in high praise of the service, so a vote of thanks was given. God bless this kind minister.

A rapid drive (Mr. S. Burkitt, whose photo I enclose, held the lines—he didn't sleep along the road) and we are back to our billet. Waked up early next morning—about 6 a.m., heard the voice of an old man in prayer at the other end of the house. How beautiful it sounded in the early morning. Oh! the glorious sweetness of that sound! Poor, weak man, pouring out his soul to God!



Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Greenbush School House.

I know no sweeter sound than prayer in the early morning. That is what makes angels rejoice, and devils fear and fly. Hallelujah! He was an old man that had done many a hard day's work in son-winning. I enclose his photo, and that of his dear, good partner in life. God bless them both with a triumphant finish to their earthly journey.

Next day I farewelled to North Hastings. A short run on the cars, during which I had a pleasant talk with an old gentleman, who turns out to be the father of my late host at Port Hope, Change ears. A few miles on the G. T. R., and I am in Adjt. Kendall's quarters, at Belleville, and my trip to North Hastings is over. This was all breaking new ground for my work. It was a very happy trip all round, and if God should order it so, I shall be glad to respond to the many kind invitations and go again.—Jos. Parker, Ensign.

What Think Ye of Christ?

"What think ye of Christ?" That was a test question in the beginning of our era, nineteen centuries ago. It has been growing in importance from that day till this. Never was it of such vital moment as at this hour. Never did so large a portion of the world's inhabitants give it the first place as just now. Our answer to that question pivot our answers to all minor questions which confront us in every sphere of practical life, and thought, and being. "What think ye of Christ?"

The rod is long from the intention to the completion.—Moliere.

A BALL-ROOM PLOT.

By R. PITTMAN.

John's scathing reproof, when he said to Herod's fave, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother Philip's wife," was too much for the dignity of the morbid official and the pride and sneanness of the adulteress Herodias. John delivered the truth fearlessly, irrespective of the social and official positions of the accomplices in the horrible crime. It was a straight shot and it went right home to the mark, and did its work well. Herod committed John to prison, but Herodias was exasperated and would have killed him on the spot, if she could have done so with any pretext of justice.

Birthday Party.

At length Herod's annual birthday celebration comes round—with a ball, of course. The very best cutlery are provided for the occasion: rich, frothy wines, almost bursting the bottles, in luxuriant abundance. The favored footman runs around to the nobility with invitations; the guests are assembled; the feast is spread; the tables are inviting even the most fastidious epicure: Herod is toasted over and over again, by his obsequious courtiers, until his pride is flattered and his generosity enhanced. But in the midst of all this conviviality there is a murmur of discontent. There are insidious forces at work in that ball-room. Herodias cannot forget John's scathing reproof. It is the bitterest ingredient in her sweetest cup of pleasure. With evry resource for gratification of the carnal nature, within her reach, there she sits with glam features, tugging her dress, and looking the very embodiment of vindictiveness, and when a woman thus deprives herself, "look out for squalls."

At length the feast is over, and the captain that inebriates has done its work well. Now for the giddy dance! The spacious room prepared, the music strikes up, and away go the nimble-tripping feet on the smoothly-carpeted floors, until the whole company are quickly swept into the maelstrom of carnal enjoyment. But Salome is the hell of the ball-room. Herod is captivated by her adroit and graceful movements, as he looks on with gleaming eye and morbid mind, resolving to take a deeper plunge into the hunting-ground of degradation. Quickly he loses the power of self-control, and proposes his hand to her. Salome answers that she may ask even to the half of his kingdom, and he recklessly clinches the offer with an oath. The grave crisis is now reached, and the torces of earth and hell have met for a combined effort. Salome is so delighted with Herod's gracious offer that she does not know what request to make, and, therefore, very naturally, submits the right of choice to her mother.

A Fearful Choice.

"Let me see," says the sullen, unrelenting dame—there was someone not far from her elbow just then—"there is that old prophet down in the prison cell who dared to question my matrimonial rights and disturb the serenity of my nuptial relations: go and request of Herod his head on a charger."

It was a peremptory decision, prompted by the devil, and so Salome just tripped up to Herod and very flippantly said, "I want your head to be given on a charger."

Herod was thunderstruck, and would have saved John from this awful fate, but his honor was at stake and his oath was binding. There was no alternative to Herod, and so the awful mandate went forth immediately, that the faithful man of God, who never shrank from his duty, should now lose his head because of his fidelity to his God.

John receives the startling information with composure, commits his soul to God, smiles at the gleaming blade, places his head on the fatal block as if on a pillow of down, the axe is uplifted, it falls, and the bleeding head falls on one side, and the bleeding body on the other side, and faithful John is with the noble army of martyrs before the throne of God.

This is the first act in the awful tragedy. Soon there is a messenger at the palace door, and while the music stopped, and the glib tongue is silenced, and many turn pale and hide their faces, Salome receives the ghastly present on a large dish, and hands it to her depraved and hard-hearted mother.

That was not the first, nor the last hellish plot that has been concocted in a ball-room. It is the hot-bed of in-

iquity from which the devil reaps some of his best harvests. The atmosphere of the ball-room breathes contagion into the moral nature of young persons, and unavoidably relaxes the stronger ties which bind old ones together in the covenant of matrimony. Only, eternity will reveal the awful effects of the flames of lust, and passion, and revenge that were kindled in the ball-room.

Herod was defeated in a battle with Aristed, his own father-in-law, whose daughter he had divorced in order to marry Herodias, and which divorce had caused the war in which he was defeated. The three accomplices in the martyrdom of John—Herod, Herodias, and Salome—were compelled to flee to Lyons, where they ended their infamous lives in wretchedness and disgrace.

Refining Fire.

By M. F. ELLIS.

"The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold."—Prov. xvii. 3.

These words have been so often in my mind of late that I thought I would, through you, dear War Cry, write a word of encouragement to some of my comrades, who may be feeling disengaged in consequence of the fiery trials they are called upon to endure.

Obedience to God, which is the very essence of consecration, will bring suffering and trial to the real devoted child of God so long as he remains in this sinful world, a world living in the arms of the wicked one, the devil. Our blessed Saviour Himself being a believer unto death, even the death of the cross, became

Perfect Through Suffering.

The furnace was sometimes heated for Him, the precious Lamb of God, and all for us; and shall we not esteem it an honor to suffer with Him and for Him, my comrades, and be willing to remain in the furnace just as long as God pleases, knowing that the Great Being is sitting enthroned in the process, and that when we die we can see His blessed image reflected in us, we shall come forth as gold seven times purified?

As in early warfare, the best officers and soldiers are put to the front, under the hottest fire, so, my comrades, if fully given up to God, and determined to obey Him at all costs, are exposed to the fiercest attacks of the enemy, the fierce darts of the devil, and the bitterest persecutions from so-called Christian friends; but instead of being disengaged, let us rejoice in the blessed assurance that "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

Let Us "Endure as Seeing Him Who is Invisible."

The trial may be very long, the furnace very hot, but we shall come forth as gold, and shall stand among that countless multitude who have gone up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy light through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

WOOSTOCK—Good week-end. One sad Saturday night. Siege target enthusiastically supported by soldiers, who are starting a week ahead to visit back-shooters.—J. Crawford, Ensign; J. Sitzer, Capt.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LIFE DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, &c.
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
SOCIETIES, &c.
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioneer is willing to place you in touch with the knowledge and experience of a com-
petent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to
Major A. Simson, S. A. Temple, Alberst St., Toronto,
a fee for several expenses, will be charged.



ANNAPOLES, N. S.—One soul has been properly converted to God since last report. We have had officers and soldiers from Digby for special meetings. Desperate storm. None saved, but a very pleasant evening was spent. Our Sergt.-Major said good-bye of the close.—M. H. R. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Five precious souls this past week makes us to rejoice in our blessed Saviour.—E. A. Morine.

BUTTE.—Week-end was a glorious time. Fine crowds outside and indoors.—Cor.

CARBONDALE.—We had a very special time on Wednesday night, the Life-Boat, led by Capt. Fudge. One hall was crowded. Everyone delighted with the meeting. God came very near and showed the unsaved their need of jumping on board the life-boat. And this Sunday night we welcome our new D. O., Adjt. McGill. God bless him. All day on Sunday God came in power and helped us. At night, one soul in the Fountain.—A Soldier.

Calamity to a Cry Boomer.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Fritts will deeply sympathize with our valued Secretary, Mary F. Ellis, who, while engaged this morning in selling War Cry, had the misfortune to fall, breaking her right arm, near the wrist. Our prayers will go up that she may speedily recover to her place in this salvation war which she loves so well. Several have recently knelt at the penitent form, finding pardon and forgiveness. We also rejoice to welcome back to our ranks Bro. Whittle and Sister Mrs. Whittle-Hill.

CLINTON.—We have just taken hold of the work here. The comrades gave us a real hearty welcome. They are a lively, enthusiastic band of warriors. We are one in the Siege, going in to defeat the powers of darkness.—Lieut. Plaut, for Capt. Campbell.

The Zonophone Exuberants.

COATICOOKE.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Staff Captain Taylor, which was much enjoyed. Much blessing and help was received from his visit. The Staff-Captain brought with him the Zonophone, which helped to make the meeting very interesting to the people. Next we had a visit from the G. B. M. Special the honorable Jos. Parker, Ensign with his magic lantern, who gave us two services, entitled, "Home, sweet home," which proved a good success. At our outputs quite a large crowd was present, and was very much pleased with the service. We believe that when the Zonophone comes this way again he will have greater success. We are now under full gospel orders, and will expect the same special at our next corps in the near future.—Lieut. M. E. Cook, for Capt. B. Dawson.

A Harvest of Souls.

DILDO.—On Sunday night last 12 knelt at the penitent form; one of them went away unsaved, the others found salvation. On Monday night another one came out and got saved. On Tuesday we had with us Brigadier Sharp, our P. O., Adjt. Boggs, and Adjt. Kenway. The Brigadier led a very powerful holiness meeting in the afternoon, in which five gave themselves to God at fresh and at night we had the joy of seeing six more come to Jesus. Last week's War Cry all sold.

FAIRGO, N. D.—Four souls seeking a clean heart, and one for salvation.—M. H. S.

FEVEISHAM.—Capt. Waage has just arrived and taken hold of things. Since taking hold two souls have sought and found the Saviour.

FORT WILLIAM.—Had our T. F. S. Ensign Perry, with us for 18th and 19th Blessed Services. Lantern service entitled "The Gypsy Girl" was very touching. Our forces were strengthened on Monday night by officers and comrades from the Port, and one backsider returned to the fold.—Capt. E. Barringer, Capt.

A Beneficent Bean Service.

GLACE BAY.—On Saturday evening we had a social, the proceeds of which amounted to \$15. Towards the end of the social, however, the money came in with enough left over to give them the "courage" which they lacked when solar and endeavored to make it interesting. They only succeeded in disgracing themselves, and, sad to say, the families which some of them are responsible for training and supporting.—Sergt.-Major.

HAMILTON, B.C.—The second S. A. wedding took place in Hamilton barracks on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14th, when a vast crowd of people were gathered to witness the union of Sergt.-Major G. B. Tatton with our old friend and District Officer, Adj'tant Matthews. All the officers of the District were present, each of whom took part in the evening's program. Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Cowan, who have only lately come to Bermuda, sang very sweetly together. "The Twilight of Love" — Mrs. Miller taught the lesson after which the Rev. Dr. Barrows, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of this city, tied the nuptial knot. We extend hearty congratulations to the groom, and to the bride our best wishes for her future welfare, and a loving welcome back to Bermuda.—C. L. Special Cor.

General Mitchell to the Front.

HANTS HARBOUR.—On Thurday night a very special meeting was held by the women-warriors of Hants Harbour. It was given out to be a sister's meeting. They would commence the meeting that night. Mr. M. L. Lester took the collection, and the Captain was door-keeper. The platform looked nice after twenty-nine sisters had taken their places on it, each one wearing a white sash and cap of all kinds and all shapes, with the Army band across them. Owing to sickness and the slippery walking, quite a few of our sisters could not get out to help in this meeting. Our barracks was filled with a fine crowd of people, and a fine meeting was held. We have one great large sister in our corps. She goes by the name of Mother Mitchell. Now, this is the General among women-warriors, and a fine one she is, too.—General Mitchell. They danced, and sang, and prayed.—A lover of the War Cry.

HELENA.—On Sunday evening Adj'tant Stevens enrolled five recruits as salvation soldiers. People are coming to see and believe that "Salvation is the best thing in the world," and as one who believed in his testimony, "There is nothing like it." Glorious meetings all day Sunday. Good souls, and we believe conviction was stamped on the hearts of many. Holiness is decidedly on the upgrade, spiritually, and financially as well. The Army has many warm friends here. Adj'tant Stevens and Capt. Scott have had the seats painted and a new floor laid, and otherwise repaired and renovated the barracks until it looks very cheerful and inviting.—E. H. Wickerham.

Twenty Below Zero.

HUNTSVILLE.—Siege started well. Sunday morning a gale from Muskrat and storm were raging, but still saved it, and some fine kind drift. The Juniors also did well in spite of snow and drift. In the afternoon one backsider returned and admitted to God's long-suffering in his testimony of having been under con-

viction for over a year. At night another backsider returned. Fifteen on the march at night in the teeth of the storm (then registering 20° below zero) speaks well for the comrades' determination to make this siege the best yet.—J. H., Sergt.-Major.



Capt. Keebler and Gertrude Simpson, in "The Story of a Wandering Boy."

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Siege begun in good earnest. Kneé-drill better. Good time at holiness meeting. A terrible storm raged outside while a few gathered for the free-and-easy in the afternoon. One backsider got free, while two prisoners were captured at night. Soldiers full of the fighting spirit, and determined to make the Siege a success.—A. Jess, R. C.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Last Sunday night Capt. Wahrholz, who has been here for about three months, farewelled to go to Anchorage to help push on the war there. On Tuesday night Cadet Wilsey, who has been accepted, will proceed to Great Falls to assist in the work there. In Sunday morning's holiness meeting one soul fainted from sin, and one in Sunday afternoon's, and on Monday night another one came out on the Lord's side, making three precious souls since last report. Good collections. Soldiers all on fire for the salvation of souls.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Brigadier Pugmire at the Point.

MONTREAL II.—The rain descended and the roads came, and our old barrels were being hauled round, we were obliged to hold our meetings elsewhere. We are able to have them on Sundays, only, our work is kind of crippled for the time being. Still, on Saturday night we had a splendid time, it being the welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire to Pt. St. Charles. It was very unpleasant for marching, but we had quite a large attendance, and then inside there were, besides our new P. O.'s, Staff-Capt. Taylor, Adj'ts. Wiseman and Robert, Ensign and Mrs. Williams, from No. I. corps, and their brass band. Staff-Capt. Taylor introduced the Brigadier, and we gave him a real welcome, of which he thinks he deserves a hearty Then there was a presentation of colors to the corps. After explaining the meaning of the different colors, they were given over to Color-Sergt. Bro. Bullock, Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire then sang



together, after which the Bible was read and the invitation given to the sinner. Owing to the illness of Capt. McNancy, the war is being led on by Capt. Young, and what with no barracks and no helper she has her hands full.—W. J. G.

MUSGRAVE TOWN.—Sunday was a day of victory, God wonderfully blessing. One precious soul in the Fountain. We are on fire for souls.—S. Reader, Trens.

NANAIMO.—Tuesday night, an old-time banquet. One lady gave seven pieces, also made an excuse because she had not more. You can judge what the rest gave. Sunday, two souls for salvation, and one drunk on Wednesday night, prayed for himself. Ensign Strager for three days. Splendid time. Keep your eye on the G. B. M. Agent. \$4 in three of the new boxes for the month of January. She also has succeeded in placing a number of small boxes in good places. The father that brought the apples and chickens to Captain B. still pays us a visit, also the "neighbor's girl" is seen coming every week with a basket. The dollar bills came in the first week to the Vancouver Rescue Home. Staff Captain Galt, Adj't. Dodd, and Cadet Whitmore, of Victoria, with us for a week-end. Saturday night musical blizzard; Sunday night, real outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Three souls at the finish.—Magpie.

OMEMEE.—We are having big times here. After three weeks' hard fighting, one soul brought out of darkness into light, and more deeply convicted.—Lieut. Marshall.

So Happy had to Dance.

ORILLIA.—Soldiers and officers on the war path. Went to Rama last Monday night and had a meeting with the Indians. Everybody so happy that they could not keep still, so started dancing. Two souls for salvation and two for holiness this week.—Lieut. Greavey.

OSHAWA.—Sunday afternoon we marched to the home of dear Mother Stanton, who had been ill for quite a while. We had a short open-air, had a word of testimony from the old warrior, and then proceeded to the barracks, where we had a public communion of Locals.—J. M. McCann, Capt.; L. A. Patenden, Lieut.

PORTRAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We had an interesting meeting on Thursday, in re-commissioning of the band and Local Officers, about 25 in all. We were delighted to have the Chanceller not being able to be present, but nevertheless, however there was a very good crowd in attendance, and a very favorable election. A very good day on Sunday. In the afternoon Bro. Mashinter read the Bible lesson from Isaiah, "Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." In the evening a large attendance; some definite testimonies from the comrades. Mrs. Westcott at the front with the sword of the Spirit in hand. Several were on the point of decision.—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott.

In the Old Fortress.

QUEBEC.—Our crowds are increasing and also our collections, while the War Cry sell like hot cakes. Best of all is saving precious souls. I would like to make special mention of two cases, a young man and young woman who got sold soundly last week, and, oh, how my own soul has got blessed in hearing them pray and testify what great things God has done for them. On Sunday last we had an old friend and comrade, Ensign Joe Elliott, with us. We had a grand, old-time meeting, and although no one yielded, some held up their hands to be prayed for. Captain Hunter and Capt. T. B. Rose have right half of the people, and God is wonderfully blessing their labor. For myself I am glad to report victory in my own soul and also the blessing of a clean heart.—David Cusick, a 13-year-old soldier.

RAT PORTAGE.—The Siege has commenced, and we are determined to reach our target. During the first weekend God was with us. Soldiers were very much blessed. Crowds were good, and we closed the day with three souls.—J. G. II.

SKAGWAY.—We have had a real Salvation Army wedding. Our comrades, Harry Jackson and Julia Charter, were the contracting parties. The service was necessarily slow owing to one being obliged to talk through an interpreter, but though slowly, yet surely, was the knot tied, and another couple launched on the sea of matrimonial bliss. The bride and groom had each a word of testimony.—Adj't. McGill.

ST. JOHNS, I.—We had a blessed time at old No. 1, last week, 24 souls at the Cross, some for pardon, some for cleansing. A successful banquet on Thursday night. Proceeds to go towards the band War Cry all sold out.—H. C. Ebsary, S. M.

ST. THOMAS.—We have had the joy of seeing two souls return to the fold. We are watching and working for a revival.—W. J. S.

STRATFORD.—We have just been favored with a visit from our new P. O., Brigadier Howell, accompanied by Staff Capt. Phillips. A very good crowd turned out to the meeting, and, best of all, one soul came forward and gave her heart to God. We all say, "Come again, Brigadier and Staff-Captain." Saturday evening we had a visit from Ensign Hollington, and he gave us a very interesting lantern service. In spite of the cold, quite a number attended. Finance good. Sunday we commenced our Siege meetings. At 7 o'clock a few came to wait on God. Good spirit among the soldiers, and we have made a good start. We are believing for good success during the Siege.—H. Freeman.

ST. THOMAS.—Good and very enthusiastic meeting all day Sunday. Three precious souls came out for salvation.—W. J. Turner.

War Cry Well Looked After.

TILT COVE.—Sunday we rejoiced over two souls in the Fountain. Lieut. Flood booms the War Cry and helps Bro. Curry out. We hope we shall see their names in the Hustlers' Roll.—L. Smart, D. C.

TWILLINGATE.—We have had the joy of seeing a number of souls weeping at the Cross. Backsliders are coming home. Soldiers and Sergeants are all on fire and in victory. Two weddings on Saturday night.—Ensign Cooper.

VALLEY CITY.—Meetings mostly well attended, with good order and increased interest. Our new officers are well received. On Monday night the hall was more than filled to listen to the music and song service of Adj't. Thomas.—Wm. P. Harvey, ten Ensign Taylor.

VICTORIA.—Beautiful meetings. Saturday an enrolment of Local Officers and bandmen. Staff-Capt. Galt has everything shipshape. Sunday's meetings grand. Band out at jail meeting. One man saved. Praise God! Souls have been saved lately. Bro. and Sister Williard have taken their stand again. God bless them. We are glad to see them back again. "There is no place like home." The sister of one of our last converts gave God her heart. The wife and sister and himself form another little group.—M. L.

WESTVILLE.—After a time of spiritual decline in this corps, things are coming up again. Some of the comrades who lost their joy and peace acknowledged it. The meetings are better. The attendance and attention at the holiness meeting on Sunday morning was the best for a long time.—Sim McDonald. Ensign.

WOODSTOCK.—Have had four souls, and enrolled four soldiers since last report. One saved at knee-drill Sunday morning. Getting our guns in shape for the coming Siege.—J. Crawford, Ensign.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. HOWELL VISIT SIMCOE.

Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 24th and 25th, was announced that the welcome meetings to our new P. O.'s, Saturday evening, as our leaders stepped from the train, they were greeted by a volley from a few of the comrades who had assembled to greet them.

The Saturday night meeting was a proper welcome meeting. A welcome song composed by our J. S. Sergt.-Major, was sung by three of our Juniors. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Sunday, being stormy and cold, with the thermometer about zero, hindered numbers of people from attending the meetings who were very anxious to do so. Nevertheless, quite a few people ventured out and a beautiful time was experienced by all.

The final battle at night was a meeting which will not soon be forgotten, and four souls wept their way to the Cross, one of which was a man who, in months past, had fought for God in the field. We rejoiced over his return. The total results for the campaign were five for salvation and two for the blessing. Come again, Brigadier and Mrs. Howell.—Adj't. Meffarg.

Miss Booth at the Garden City AND "THE SCARLET THREAD" AT HAMILTON AND ST. CATHARINES.

The atmosphere was cheerfully crisp, the sun radiant, the train on time, and a bright group waiting to welcome those whom it brought. Yet there was an undoubted shadow overhanging the arrival of the Scarlet Thread Company at Hamilton. Its beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, was not there. With reluctance we had had to leave her on a sick couch in Toronto, from which it was out of the question for her to rise in time for the meeting in the Ambitious City.

Hamilton was disappointed—it could hardly be otherwise. Over Adj't. Goodwin's sunshine smiles an April cloud was thrown; she felt for her soldiers' disappointment as much as her own. However, the dramatic personage of the Commissioner's story, "The Scarlet Thread," were all in evidence, and a mysterious (to the uninitiated) mad array of scenic properties promised that, save for the much-lamented absence of the Commissioner, the meeting would go through successfully.

A word of explanation re the meeting itself may not be out of place. It is the representation in living, graphic picture form of the Commissioner's story of which appears in our present issue. Its forcible expounding of the horrors of the drink traffic and their degrading influences upon home and children, make such scenes as those enacted in the Scarlet Thread to rank as valuable adjuncts to the cause of righteousness. Then, the work of the Salvation Army in the fashionable cafe and low saloon, in the squalling slum, garret and prison cell, is presented in forcible and pleasing sermon. A bitter exposure of the curse of sin, and a clear view of the possibilities of salvation should be effected upon all who witness it.

While retaining many of the features which helped to make the meeting at the Masses Hall so popular, there has been considerable revision in the scenes, and the whole appear new in their attractive setting. The suitable and convenient scenery, which has been so ably designed by Brigadier Friedrich, fully justifies the expectations entertained of it.

In the Association Hall.

The interested crowd which attended the Association Hall that Friday night did not attempt to leave until after ten. The scene of triumphant salvation finale of the Scarlet Thread must be taken as representative of others, many were loath to leave then, for she said, "I could have looked and listened for four hours longer."

Brigadier Gaskin arrived on the scene as the meeting started, to express the Commissioner's sorrow at her unavoidable absence, and assist in the meeting engrossing.

On Saturday morning the Scarlet Thread wound itself into travelling company again, and started for St. Cathar-

ines. We found the Garden City in its winter garb, one of its characteristics is a capacity to reproduce either summer or winter in an italicized version. The ascent of the white pass from the station to the quarters, which the party took by storm, will remain a snowy spot in the memories of each. However, we held to the train, with its perfume scents, into the sunny abodes which contained surrounded it, and the representatives of the Scarlet Thread turned up in their various roles at the Opera House at night apparently none the worse.

The six o'clock train was a herald of joy, it brought into our midst the Commissioner, who had struggled to her feet to fulfill the promised weekend. She was accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read.

St. Catharines.

The crowd on Saturday night was a credit to St. Catharines. The Commissioner's appearance on the stage to speak the introduction to the service was greeted with prolonged applause. There was also continual manifestations of appreciation of the Scarlet Thread. The dress of the woman who kept the drunkard's wife and child, etc.

On Sunday the weather could scarcely have been more unpropitious. A blizzard overhead and a tamale of frozen snow underfoot had to be faced by all wayfarers, yet very good crowds faced the Commissioner, and two meetings fraught with lasting profit to the city were conducted.

The holiness meeting, conducted by Brigadier Friedrich, assisted by the officers of the company, in the barracks, was a heart-searching and helpful time; the meetings in the Opera House left ringing echoes of salvation in that hall and beyond it.

During a great weakness, the Commissioner spoke with exceptional force andunction. At night especially her denunciation of righteously malignant forces trembled—she seemed like some inspired prophet upon the stage of the Opera House warning of doom, yet pointing to mercy. In both meetings not the least appreciated of the Commissioner's remarks were those which portrayed the South African scene, and told of the faith and fortitude which is manifested there by soldiers of the Salvation Army who are also soldiers of the Queen.

Conviction lined many faces as our teacher remonstrated, sank into a chair at the conclusion of her impassioned appeal, and although none yielded, the influence of that meeting yet lives and will be seen.

The Commissioner sang several times, accompanying herself on the harp, each selection being manifestly much appreciated.

Happy the man who learns the very wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS	Tuesday, April 3rd.
BUTTE.....	Friday, April 6th.
SPOKANE Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.	
ROSSLAND	Thursday, April 12th.
(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)	
NELSON..... Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th. (SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING.)	
VICTORIA, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th.	
VANCOUVER	Sunday, April 22nd.



The Field Commissioner,

Accompanied by

Brigadier Friedrich and Party,

will visit

LINDSAY ACADEMY OF MUSIC

on

Thursday, March 15th,

And Present Her New Scene Service,

"The Scarlet Thread."

LIEUT-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

St. Catharines.

Oshawa, Thursday, March 29.

Bowmanville, Friday, March 30.

Peterboro, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 31, April 1, 2.

LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES

at

BRANTFORD, Friday, March 16.

LONDON, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

CHATHAM, Thurs. and Fri., March 22, 23.

WINDSOR, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.

ESSEX, Tues. and Wed., March 27, 28.

ST. THOMAS, Thursday, March 29.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will conduct special meetings as follows

Huron St., odd No. 11, Saturday, March 24, to Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

MAJOR PICKERING

will visit the following places:

Fredericton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

Moncton, Tues. and Wed., March 20, 21.

Woodstock, Thursday, March 22.

Stephenville, Fri. and Sat., March 23, 24.

Her Sufferings O'er.

HANTS HARBOR.—Death has been doing its work in our little neighborhood. After a long time of suffering from that terrible disease, consumption, the wife of Bro. Travis passed away, on Monday morning, Feb. 6th. The funeral service took place on Tuesday. While visiting this sister she said she was all right in her soul. On Sunday night we held her memorial service. There was a large crowd present. God's Spirit was truly moving many a heart, yet no one yielded.—Capt. England.

Drop the Copper.

A little child was one day playing with a valuable vase, when he put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said, "Now, my son, make one more try; open your hand and hold your fingers straight, as you see me doing, and then pull." To their astonishment the little fellow said, "Oh, my papa, I couldn't pull my fingers like that, for if I did I would drop my penny." He had been holding on to a penny all the time. No wonder he could not withdraw his hand. How many of us are like him! Drop the copper, surrender, let go, and God will give you gold.



GREAT BRITAIN

The Leeds Theatre Royal was packed for the General's meetings. 28 souls were captured. The meetings were excellent.

Self-Denial is the order of the day.

At Bristol the General held some officers' councils. 450 officers gathered together. The councils are reported as being exceptionally spiritual.

The midday meetings at International Headquarters have considerably increased in interest under the enterprising leadership of Brigadier Marston. The Brigadier is arranging for a week of special prayer and intercession on behalf of stricken India. Commissioner Nied is to open the series.

A batch of five women-officers have left for Ceylon en route for Bombay; their names are Ensign Cotton, Capt. Bassell, McGregor, Boyce and Lieut. Dunn. They paid their final farewell to their British comrades at a midday meeting at I. H. Q. It was an enthusiast's little send-off. No sooner had the knee-drill bell rung than the boom of drum and clang of Indian symbols, accompanying a lively chorus, rang through the corridors of I. H. Q. Staff-Capt. Lewis, of the Foreign Office, marched the farewelling officers, in Indian costume, through the principal offices, out through Thames Street and back through the main entrance to the midday meeting-room. Each of these comrades are well-tried officers, and we predict a career of glorious usefulness for them each on the Indian battle-field.

The Regent Hall comrades have a big scheme on hand for the renovation and re-decoration of their hall, at a cost of over £800. In connection with the raising of the necessary funds, the band is arranging a whole week's band festivals,

Holland.

It is cheering to hear that Brigadier Schoch, of Holland, has recovered from the severe attack of bronchitis, which confined him to the house recently.

Our work in Alkmaar, Holland, has been hampered for years by the situation of our hall on the outskirts of the city, and our inability to secure more suitable premises. A Catholic gentleman who recently attended a meeting led by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn was so much blessed that he, the next day, offered the Commissioner a dancing-saloon in the centre of the city. Needless to say, the offer was promptly accepted.

Ceylon.

BRIGADIER PRABHU DAS ON TOUR.

I spent seven days in the Rambukkana Division, and visited eleven corps. With the exception of one or two, I found all the corps in a good and progressive condition.

At each meeting we had a splendid attendance of soldiers, etc. Junior meetings were held as well, with great success. On the whole, the schools are on the up grade. We met something like ninety Local Officers at these corps and had good times with them.

thus relieving us of all expenditure. This was a kind of thanksgiving meeting for all that God and the Army had done for the people, especially in connection with the recent privileges granted by the government to them through the Army.

The people presented us with an address and 250 rupees as a thank-offering.

The meeting was a very impressive and instructful one, and one that will do our work a great deal of good in the future. We had the two headmen up to the front, and advised them with regard to doing their work honestly, etc.

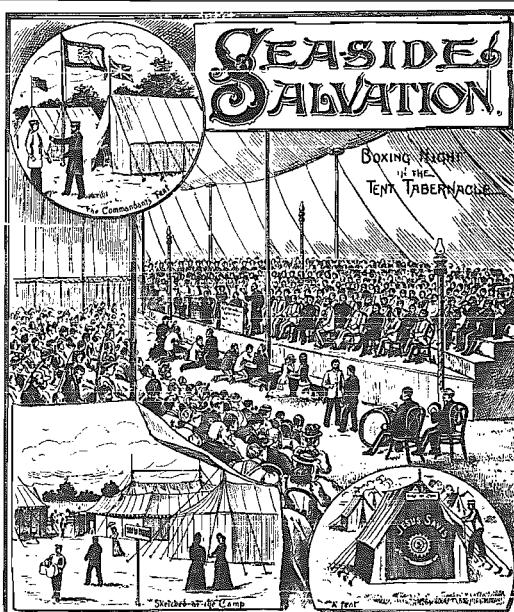
Very affectionate references were made to the life and death of Staff-Captain Yesu Prakas, at one time the people all over the place breaking out in sobs and crying. From this place we repaired to Talampitiya II. (which is the name of the Rambukkana Division) and laid the foundation of a central school, i.e. a school where the leading children of the Division will be gathered and taught a fair knowledge of Singhalese and a little English. One of our Sergeants-Majors presented us with the land, and the people are going to put up the building (forty by twenty feet) at their own cost (Rs. 350).

Choose ever the pluntest road, it always answers best.—Harrison.

British Guiana.

Although in this lovely colony we have not the beautiful Christmas season of snow and ice, yet those people know how to appreciate a good holiday, and Christmas was looked forward to with the same eagerness as in the Mother Country. Shops showed the same extra activity as in any other large city, and everywhere preparations were going on weeks beforehand. Many natives from the gold-fields arrived in town, while making things very lively with their native songs and dances. The Salvation Army was among the busiest, for they undertook to provide a free Christmas dinner for 150 aged people. The day was beautiful and bright, like an English July day, and the red bodees and white caps of fifty-six Army lasses running in all directions, told of something exciting going on. The front of the beautiful Town Hall was a scene which made the hardest heart move with compassion. There were the blind, and the lame, and the deaf, the poorest from all parts of the city, until 160 were comfortably seated at the beautifully-decorated tables. Many of the guests were too feeble to help themselves, and had to be fed:

We finished the campaign with a special demonstration at Talampitiya I. corps, when, in spite of pouring rain, we had five hundred present. Had it been fair, we should no doubt, have had one thousand. The people undertook all the expenses of the campaign.



A CHRISTMAS CAMP IN AUSTRALIA.

JAPAN

Prof. Watson Smith writes thus of a friend of the Army: "Here is a beautiful testimony from a Japanese friend, Prof. Shimomura, who is now manager of extensive works in Osaka. He is a friend of the Salvation Army, and when once in London came with me to an Assembly-meeting at Headquarters, and gave an interesting testimony there. He has been endeavoring to introduce the process of making hard cakes, in closed coke-ovens, for use in iron blast-furnaces, into Japan, and, after strenuous efforts and much anxiety, he has at last succeeded. After recounting all this, I listened to his beautiful acknowledgement of the help and support of a Heavenly Father's blessing: 'Now that I have accomplished the two above objects, I greeted the rising sun of this first day of New Year with a heart light and happy, full of gratitude to the Almighty.'"

PARIS EXHIBITION.

In order to oblige friends and comrades from all parts of the world who intend visiting Paris this year, Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has made arrangements which will enable him to supply visitors with respectable lodgings at reasonable terms. Full particulars on application to

MAJOR VAN ALLEN,
3 Rue Aubin, Paris.



The following cable was sent to the London War Cry by Colonel Higgins: "The Congress was a great triumph. The Carnegie Music Hall was crammed with people, hundreds being turned away, and the brilliant and enthusiastic scene nearly midnight."

"One hundred Sixty-five Field Officers were present at the four-day's council. These formed a glorious series, and were marked by unanimous outpourings of 'Hail Ghost-light, Glory, and power.'

"The General's letter to the Staff aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and was replied to by the utmost assurances of devotion and loyalty."

"Advance!" is the battle-cry of the hour.

"Commissioner Howard's presence was helpful and stimulating. God was mightily with our Commander and Consul."

"We had the joy of seeing 125 souls come out at the public meetings."

—

Commissioner Howard's welcome to Chicago was enthusiastic. 100 officers and Cadets were gathered in council. 25 seekers for salvation and holiness in the afternoon. 300 rose in consecration at night.

—

The Commander and Consul are both on the war-path. Spiritual meetings are reported at each place visited.

—

A "First Aid to the Injured" Class has been formed in New York in connection with the Corps Cadet Branch.

—

Lieut.-Colonel Brewer has been ill, and was compelled to cancel his trip to the coast for a while.

There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

Character is a garment which the invisible fingers of the soul are ever weakening.—George Eliot.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

Germany

Commissioner McKie has opened a Rescue Home at Cologne, to accommodate fifteen women.

—

It was accorded a few weeks ago that Elbing—a German corps—had registered forty-seven souls at the pentent form. Forty of these have just been sworn in as soldiers—an exceptionally good percentage, which reflects great credit on the officers in charge.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS

Hats Off to Howell and Pickering — Lieut. Smith Wins the Duel—
“Never Prophecy Unless You Know”—Booming in 57° Below.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

West Ontario Province	92
Central Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province	78

◇ ◇ ◇

Hats off again to Brigadier Howell!

◇ ◇ ◇

And don't be too hard on Nigger, of the Central. He's only five yards behind!

◇ ◇ ◇

Ladysmith wasn't relieved in a week, and you can't expect Brigadier Pugnire to get there all at a jump! Give him time.

◇ ◇ ◇

My choice last week proves correct. The dead heat between Capt. Sizer and Lieut. Smith has been broken, and the Lieutenant comes out smiling, with 204 to her credit. Well done, Lieutenant!

◇ ◇ ◇

The West Ontario Province does well to send in no less than ten century runners.

◇ ◇ ◇

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 118	North-West. 43
Pacific..... 41	
Newfound'l'd. 13	
Klondike ... 2	

Totals.. 118 99

◇ ◇ ◇

"As easy as rolling off a log!"

◇ ◇ ◇

Thus Major Pickering, of the Eastern Province. He seems to be sure of his facts.

◇ ◇ ◇

Still, in these days of surprises, one must not think himself secure because he happens to "get there" once or twice.

◇ ◇ ◇

"Never prophecy unless you know," is one of Mark Twain's great mottoes. Adopting this, I shall not indulge in picking out next week's whiner.

◇ ◇ ◇

The North-West helped him by a decrease of ten, and the Pacific also made it easy by not doing better.

◇ ◇ ◇

Newfoundland is down again. Only three, of course, but it's a decrease all the same. Oh, my poor heart!

◇ ◇ ◇

The two Klondikers this week save the reputation of that part of the field. I see they had a touch of cold in Dawson in February. The thermometer registered 57° below! It is to be hoped Adj. Morris was fortunate enough to secure a snapshot of Lieut. Aikens booming War Crys on the crowded (?) streets of Dawson on the above-mentioned temperature. I am waiting for it.

◇ ◇ ◇



BRO. MOORS.
Montreal I.



One of our
Energetic
War Cry
Boomers.



The barometer records the following rises: French corps, Montreal. 75. Well done, mes cheres camarades! Allez-vous-en! (This is a favorite French phrase of mine, not patented!) Souris, Man., takes 50 Crys. Dido rises 7. Greenspond 2, and St. John III. 30. Congratulations, all.

◇ ◇ ◇

Sad to say there are some falls, which I will not expose here.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	204
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	175
Lieut. Fyfe, Sarnia	140
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	124
Adj. Yeomans, Chatham	112
Lieut. Knucke, Brantford	110
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Brantford	105
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	103
Lieut. Maiscy, Goderich	103
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	103
Design, Green, Windsor	99
Daisy Bond, Wingham	99
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	85

Lieut. Yeomans, Galt

Capt. Burton, Palmerston

Lieut. Winters, Palmerston

Mrs. Gooding, Galt

Mrs. Dr. Grant, Ridgewood

Mrs. Kershaw, Cayuga

Sister Gordon, Paris

Sister Goss, Tazart, Sarnia

Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll

Mrs. Dowell, Bleheim

Capt. Hookin, Norwich

Marshall Bonn, Wallacetburg

Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas

Capt. Williams, Galt

Lieut. Yeomans, Galt

Capt. Burton, Palmerston

Lieut. Winters, Palmerston

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Mrs. Dowell, Bleheim

Capt. Hookin, Norwich

Marshall Bonn, Wallacetburg

Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro 41
 Mrs. Stone, Lakefield 40
 Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre 40
 Sergt. Barber, Kingston 40
 Mrs. Capt. Bearrell, Tweed 40
 Sergt. Newell, Barre 40
 Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth 35
 Sister Logie, Montreal I 35
 Mrs. Penson, Nanpean 35
 Mrs. Hippin, Montreal II 35
 Sister Avey, Sherbrooke 35
 Capt. Green, Penticton 30
 Capt. Hustable, Quebec 30
 Capt. Dawson, Conticopee 30
 Lieut. Cook, Conticopee 30
 Lieut. Norman, Trenton 30
 Sister Hanner, Peterboro 28
 Sister Robinson, Trenton 28
 Minnie Carey, Burlington 25
 Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg 25
 Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I 25
 Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place 25
 Sister Brown, Montreal I 25
 Capt. Wilson, Perth 25
 Capt. Vance, Bloomfield 25
 Lieut. Weir, Millbrook 25
 J. S. S-M. Russell, Millbrook 25
 Sister Hormann, Millbrook 25
 Bro. Hormann, Millbrook 25
 Capt. Beauchelle, Tweed 20
 Capt. Shantz, Houfrew 20
 Sister Wentworth, Kingston 20
 Bro. Vaudreuil, Quebec 20
 Sergt. Baynes, Barre 20
 Mark Spenderley, Peterboro 20
 Sister Wright, Peterboro 20
 Capt. Craig, Odessa 20
 Dad Duquet, Trenton 20
 Lieut. Hickman, Sunbury 20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

118 Hustlers.

J. McQueen, Moncton 135
 Sergt. Ming, St. John I 130
 Capt. G. Thompson, Gloucester Bay 130
 P. S. S-M. Smith, Windsor 125
 Capt. Bowring, Westville 107
 Noah Flood, Hamilton 10
 Mrs. Salmon, Hamilton 10
 Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth 8
 Capt. Fionn, Somerset 8
 Capt. Kirk, St. John V 8
 Bro. Reid, St. John I 8
 Sergt. D. Long, Summerside 8
 Lieut. Jones, Woodstock 8
 Lieut. Lebans, St. Stephen 8
 Mund Wilson, Halifax I 8
 Cadet Chandler, St. John I 8
 Capt. Martin, Fredericton 8
 Father Armstrong, St. John III 6
 P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown 6
 Lieut. Deakin, Sackville 6
 Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro 5
 Mrs. Ensign Knight, Calais 5
 Adjt. E. MacNamara, Charlottetown 5
 Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown 5
 Sergt. Lebans, Fredericton 5
 Capt. Perry, St. John II 5
 Ensign Wright, St. John II 5
 Capt. Whitehead, Charlottetown 5
 Capt. Laws, Charlottetown 5
 Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen 5
 Lieut. Cameron, Canning 5
 Capt. Clark, Moncton 5
 Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst 5
 Sergt.-Major Morrison, Gloucester Bay 5
 Capt. Allan, Carleton 4
 P. S. M. Hawkins, Yarmouth 4
 Capt. Fancey, Pictou 4
 Capt. Green, Sussex 4
 C. Durand, Fairville 4
 A. Rannie, Bridgetown 4
 Cadet Lebans, St. John I 4
 Capt. Brown, North Sydney 4
 C. Conrad, Halifax I 4
 Capt. McElheeney, New Glasgow 4
 Lieut. Held, Hampton 4
 Ensign Jennings, Springhill 4
 Capt. Ritchie, Springhill 4
 Lieut. Netting, Liverpool 4
 Bro. Kendall, Fredericton 4
 Capt. Pilkerry, Sydney 4
 Mrs. Mustard, Charlottetown 4
 Cadet Dryer, St. John I 4
 Capt. Bradbury, Moncton 4
 Lieut. Brown, Pictou 4
 Lieut. Hatchfield, Digby 4
 Sergt. S. Holden, Windsor 4
 Lieut. Trafton, Digby 4
 Mrs. Place, Hamilton 4
 Corn Lovell, Parrsboro 4
 Capt. Clark, Kentville 4
 Lieut. Peckham, Kentville 4
 Sister Morris, Parrsboro 4
 Sergt. Wade, Hamilton 4
 Mrs. Ming, Hamilton 4
 Mrs. Sauture, Hamilton 4
 P. S. M. Kent, Bear River 4
 Treas. Olive, Carleton 4
 Sister Parks, Carleton 4
 Capt. Armstrong, North Head 4
 Lieut. Round, Summerside 4
 Adjt. Byers, St. John III 4
 Sergt. Petrie, New Glasgow 4
 Corps Cadet McKenzie, New Glasgow 4
 Sergt. M. Lyons, Fredericton 4

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

Cadet Gaundale, Winnipeg 172
 Lieut. Nutall, Winnipeg 172
 Capt. Wick, Edmonton 91
 Sister A. Cook, Farzgo 81

Corps Cadet Resistant

